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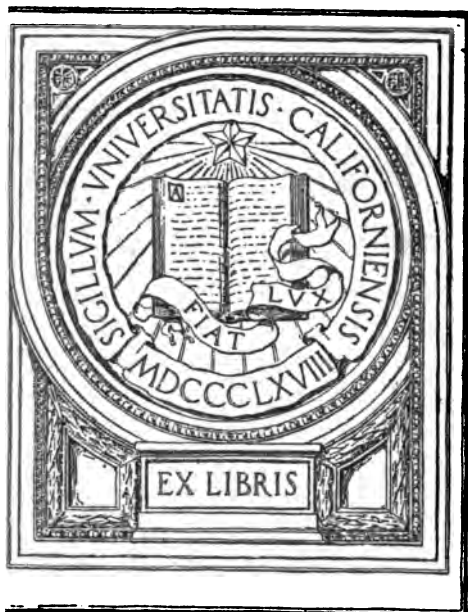
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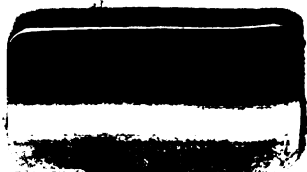
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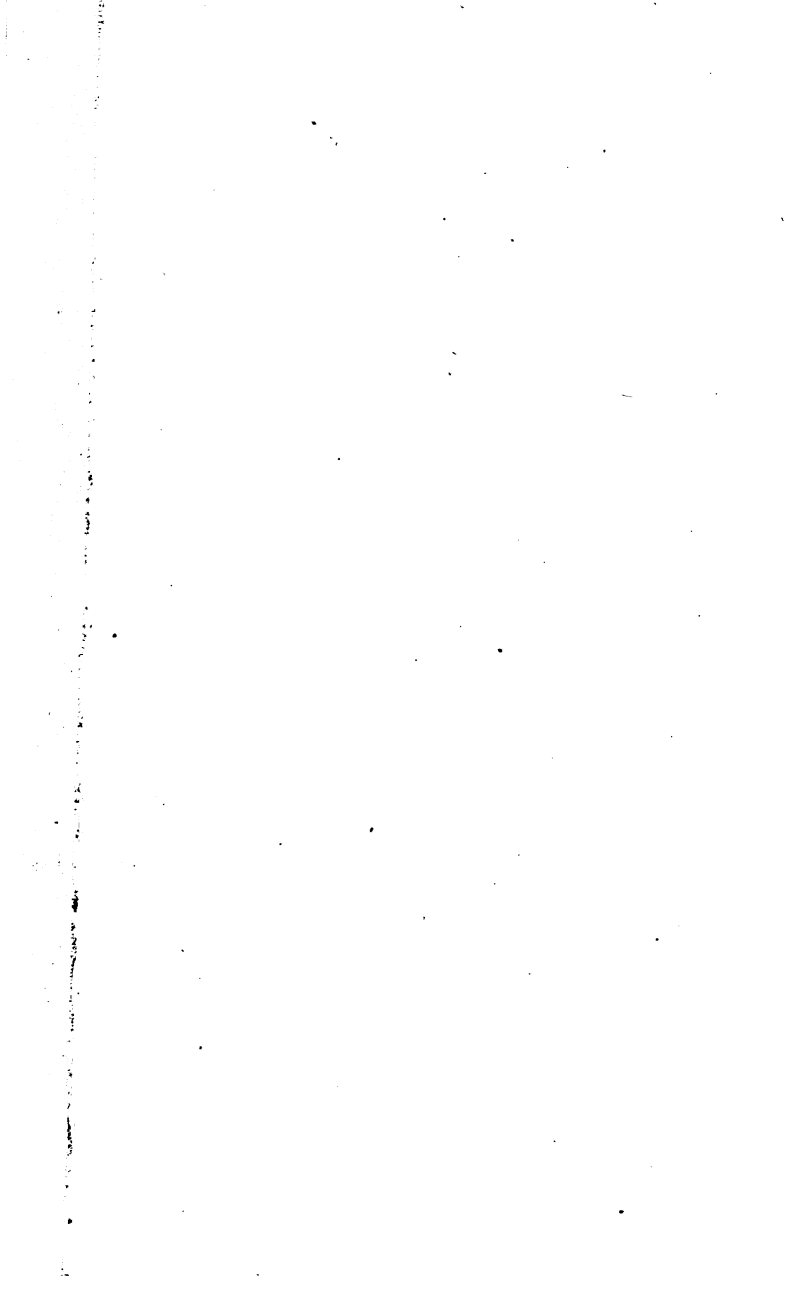
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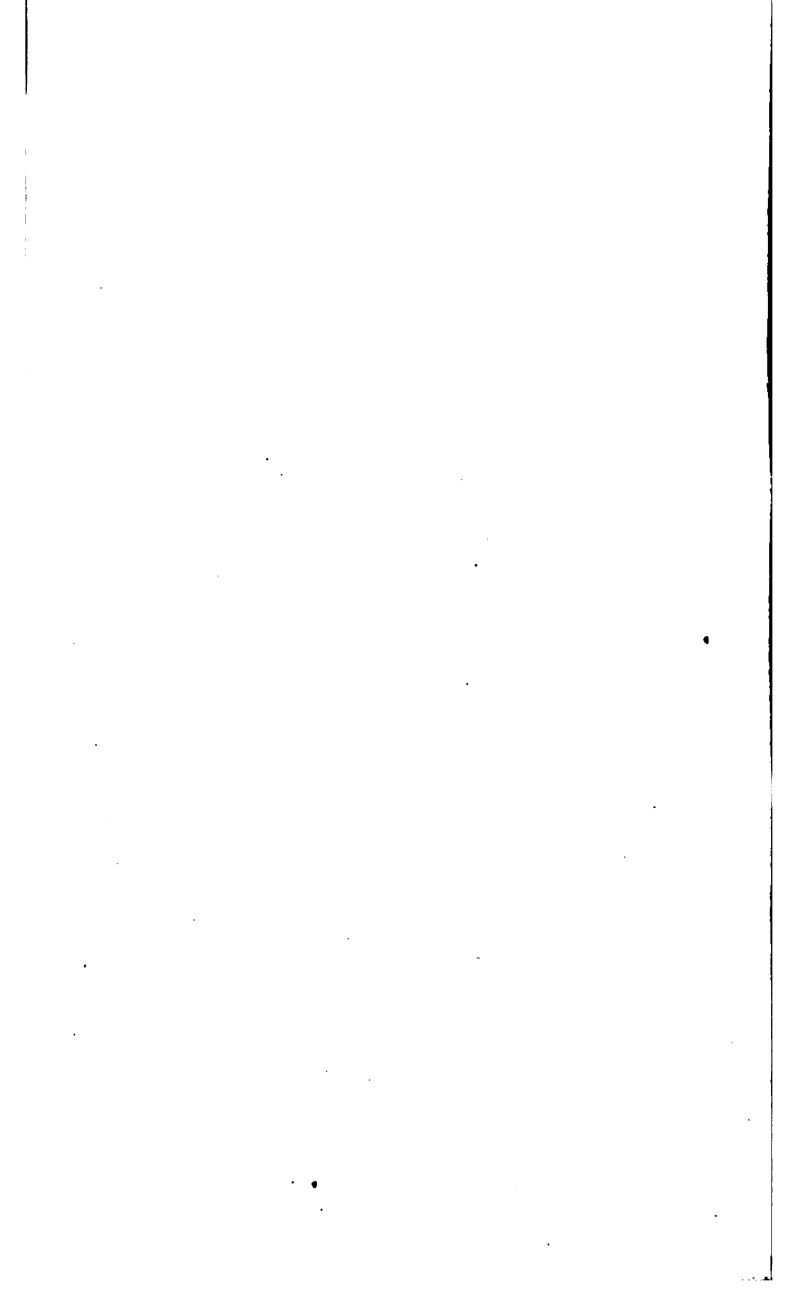
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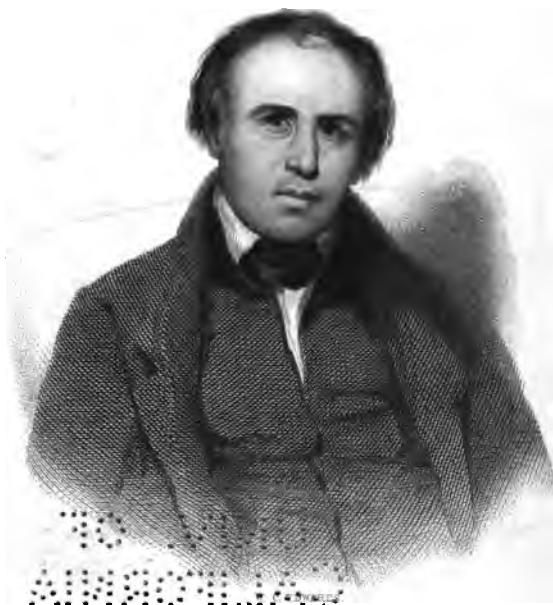




THE
SONGS OF SCOTLAND.



Univ. of
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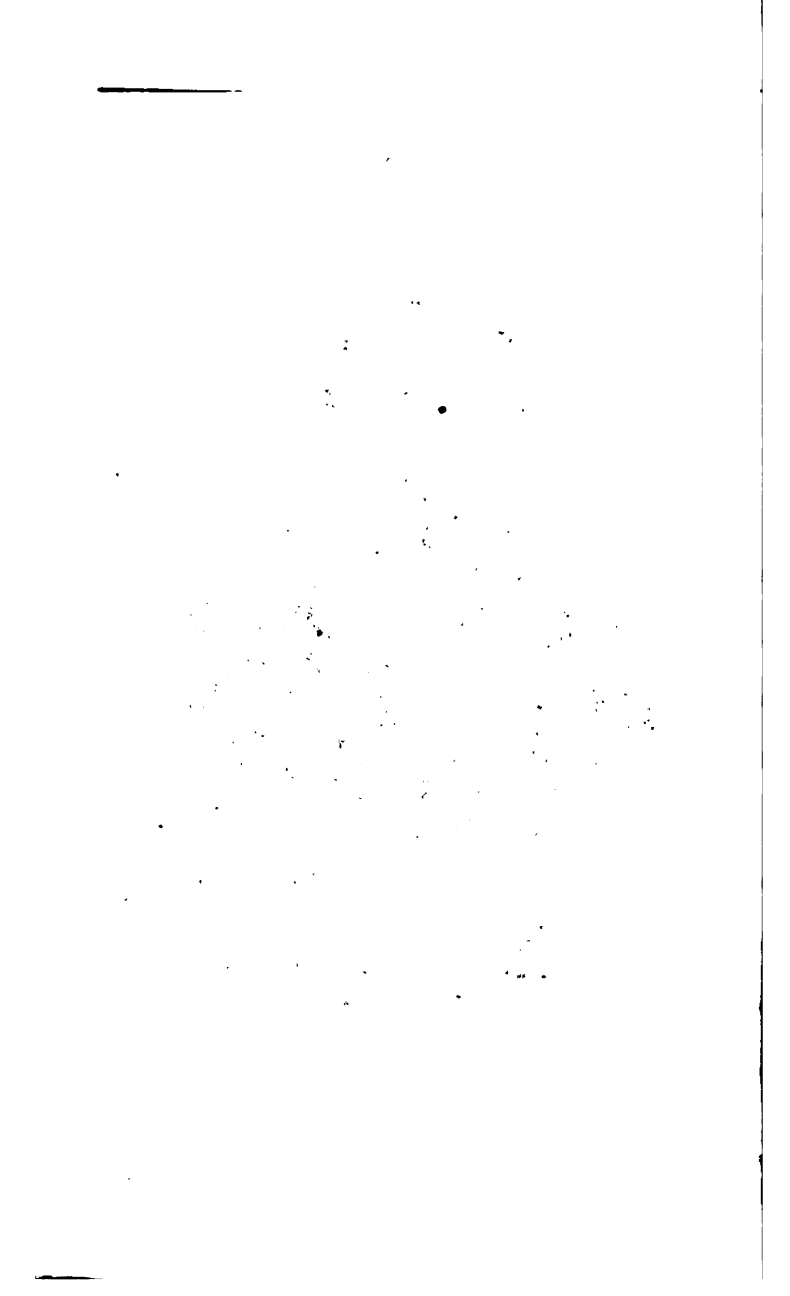
Ellen Fanning Kane

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LONDON.
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1865.



SONGS
OF
ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

VOL. II.



The Shepherd Boy.

LONDON:
JAMES COCHRANE & CO. WATERLOO PLACE.
1835.

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AIRBORNE

THE
SONGS
OF
ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

The heavenlie melodie—
Of songes full of harmonie.

CHAUCER.

LONDON:
JAMES COCHRANE, AND CO.
11, WATERLOO PLACE.

1835.

TO MR. J. H. H. H.
ALBANY, N. Y.

WILLIAM NICOL, 51, PALI-MALI, LONDON.

INTRODUCTION.

IF England has found few to collect her Songs, describe their characters, and enrich them with historical notices, the same cannot be said of Scotland. Her Poets and her Antiquaries have entered with an unparalleled enthusiasm into the subject of Song, collecting whatever was curious, and explaining what was obscure about the lyrics of their country. Little is left for me, but to copy the researches and echo the sentiments of others.

According to Leyden (though he does not state at what period these changes were made), the **METRICAL ROMANCES** chanted by the Ancient Minstrels, gradually gave way in popularity to the **BALLAD**, and the Ballad in its turn was succeeded by the **SONG**; that is, as civilization and literature advanced, the singing of the different ages was changed from the chanting of Tales or Romances, to shorter narratives or Ballads, and next to what we now call **SONGS**, or short lyrical pieces of sentiment and description.

The various kinds of Song then of our ancestors, have been designated by their descendants as—**I. METRICAL ROMANCES; II. BALLADS; III. SONGS;** and the latter only retained for their own singing

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and amusement. This distinction was probably first acknowledged, though not perhaps first made, in the early part of the seventeenth century. About this period, we find Hume of Godscroft, in his *History of the House of Douglas*,* alluding to a popular ballad on the murder of the Lord of Liddesdale, in 1353, which he speaks of as an '*Old Song*'; after quoting a verse, he continues, '*the song also declareth how she did write her love-letters to Liddesdale, to dissuade him from that hunting. It tells likewise the manner of the taking of his men, and his own killing at Galsewood, and how he was carried the first night to Linden Kirk, a mile from Selkirk, and was buried within the Abbacie of Melrose;*' but to have done with instancing the uses, which we would now style abuses of the old song; what stirred up the blood of the heroic Sir Philip Sidney, more than did the sound of a trumpet, was the ballad of Chevy Chace, called by him, '*the old song of Percie and Douglas.*'†

To pursue the stream of song through its numerous channels, would require a work of greater extent than these little volumes, and of greater pretensions: the subject, however inviting, is very barren of incident, and of what we now call Songs few fragments of any great antiquity can be found, and those for the most part evil-apparelled in the

vol. i. p. 143.

† Defence of Poesy.

dust and cobwebs of an uncivil æra. In Scotland, the distinction between Ballad and Song, never has attained that nicety of limit as it has done in England; English Songs being almost wholly of sentiment and description, the majority of Scottish Songs down to the present day, of story mingled with sentiment.*

To discriminate exactly the line between Song and Ballad in Scotland, would be a difficult, if not an impossible undertaking; the country girl, or the ploughman lad, would as soon sing you Chevy Chase or William and Margaret, as any of Burns' shorter lyrics; indeed, if there is equal beauty of story and sentiment contained throughout both, she would prefer the longer narrative, never for a moment wanting heart or dreading the power of her lungs to carry her on. In England this boundary line is very perceptible; the story of the ballad being easily distinguished from the epigrammatic force of their songs, which are generally better to read than to sing; for how few have the voice or the feeling suitable to increase the beauty of a lovely thought, compared to those that can give animation to a story? Narrative or dramatic lyrics will always be the favourites of the people, and constitute the popular poetry of the land.

* "Songs of sentiment, expression, or even description are properly termed songs in contradistinction to mere narrative compositions, which we now denominate ballads. A similar idea is adopted by the Spaniards." *Essay on English Song*.—RITSON.

What songs shall we find sung in the cottages of England; whoever heard Marlowe's 'Shepherd to his Love,' or any of Jonson's exquisite lyrics,

'Sung to the wheel and sung unto the pall'—

HALL.

or Wither's admirable ballads, or any of the elegant and fanciful conceits of Mr. Moore. Gay and Dibdin are popular, and why are they popular? because incident and sentiment are blended in their songs; 'the Storm' and 'Savourna Delish,' are also of the same cast, and are equally popular. The good popular songs of England would fill a very few pages, and the majority of even the mediocre ones, are unworthy of being set up in a ballad type.

The pastoral lyrics of Lodge, Drayton, Davison and others, certainly considered by their authors as songs, and intended to be sung, have now left the rank of songs to be classed as ballads. Pastoral lyrics of the same kind in Scotland, are considered as songs, such as Tweedside and the Broom of Cowdenknowes: we may account for this difference by the English pastorals being written to no popular air, and the Scottish being wedded to the music of their own nation.

METRICAL ROMANCES.—The remarks made in the former Introduction on our old Metrical Romances, are equally applicable to Scotland. The most celebrated Romance the work of a Northern Minstrel, is Sir Tristrem; 'if,' says Scott, 'Thomas of Erceldoune did not translate from the French,

but composed an original poem, founded upon Celtic tradition, it will follow that the first classical English Romance was written in part of what is now called Scotland.*

BALLAD AND SONG.—The most ancient ballad it is generally allowed, of which we are in possession, whether it relates to the Maid of Norway or not, is 'Sir Patrick Spens'. It would be unfair to quote it as a specimen of the language of King Alexander III's reign; for in descending the stream of tradition, it has lost much of the hue of that period, and the old thoughts have become clothed in a modern language. In shewing the garb worn by our muses in former years, we must not quote sentiments of one period, and language of another, at a distance of centuries; for we owe the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens to the lips of spinsters and knitters in the sun who chanted it but a few years back.† To the old rhyming chronicler Andrew Wyntown, nevertheless, we are indebted for the preservation of

* Sir Tristrem, Ed. 1833, p. 48.

† "Tradition, generally speaking, is a sort of perverted alchemy which converts gold into lead. All that is abstractedly poetical, all that is above the comprehension of the merest peasant, is apt to escape in frequent recitation; and the *lacunæ* thus created, are filled up either by lines from other ditties, or from the mother-wit of the reciter or singer. The injury, in either case, is obvious and irreparable." Quar. Rev. vol. i. 30.—SCOTT.

With all deference to the opinion of so great a man, is it not just as likely that these alterations are as often for the better as the worse. If through tradition we have not gained all the correctness both of thought and language of the old songs and ballads, we have certainly gained much of the sentiment and all the spirit.

a stanza giving us some insight into song:—on the death of Alexander III. in 1286, 'this song was made'

Quhen Alysander oure kyng was dede,
That Scotland led in luwe and le,
Away wes sons off ale and brede,
Off wyne and wax, off gamyn and gle;
Our gold wes changyd into lede:
Cryst, borne into vergynyte,
Succour Scotland, and remede
That stad in his perplexite!

The fate of Wallace was, as we may well suppose, the subject of several songs, some of which are referred to by Fordun; and the Battle of Bannockburn was sung of in a strain, pronounced by Ritson, 'not inelegant for the time:' according to Fabyan, 'the Scottes enflamyd with pride, in derysyon of Englyshemen, made this ryme as followeth:'

Maydens of Englande, sore may ye mourne
For your lemmanys ye have lost at Bannockysborne!
With hene a lowe.
What! weneth the Kyng of England
So soone to have wone Scotland?
Wyth rumbylowe.

'Thys song,' the old chronicler continues, 'was after many daies song in daunces, in the caroles of ye maydens and mynstrellys of Scotland, to the reproofe and dysdayne of Englyshemen, with dyuerse other whych I ouerpasse.' Mr. Motherwell supposes these lines to form all that ever existed of the song.*

* Minstrelsy, p. xlviii.

Barbour in his *Life of Bruce*, refrains from telling a victory gained by Sir John de Soulis over the English, for—

—— whasa likes, thal may her
Young wemen, whan thai will play
Syng it amang thaim ilk day.—Book xvi.

The two ballads of the Battle of Otterbourne, the English and Scottish copies, and the famous Chevy Chase, belong to the reign of King James, the first of that name. Godscroft speaking of the ballad on the Battle of Otterbourne, says, '*the Scots song made of Otterbourne, beginneth thus*'—

It fell about the Lammas tide
When yeomen win their hay
The doughty Douglas gan to ride,
In England to take a prey.

Hist. of Douglas, vol. i. p. 195.

James the First, himself an author of fine genius, and a writer of songs (all unhappily lost), has in his '*Peblis to the Play*,' made several allusions to song, and quoted the starting lines of '*two songs well-known, perhaps*,' says Geo. Chalmers, '*in the authors time*,'—a young man—

—— cleikit up a high rough sang
"Thair sure ane man to the holt,"
Quoth he

Of Peblis to the Play.

Verse 6.

and '*Wat Alkin said to fair Alice*'

My hony heart, how says the song?
"Their shall be mirth at our meeting."

Yet

Of Peblis to the Play.

Verse 25.

In a curious medley of nonsense called Colkelbie Sow, we find the names of several airs popular before the middle of the fifteenth century. With 'stok hornis,' pipes made of 'borit boutre,' and 'bagpype's,' 'Copyn Cull,' and his followers—

I led the dance and began
 Play us *Joly lemmane*
 Sum trottit *Tras and Trenass*
 Sum balterit *The Bass*
 Sum *Perdow* sum *Trolly lolly*
 Sum *Cok* *craw thou quhill day*
*Twysbank,** and *Terway*
 Sum *Lincolme* sum *Lindsay*
 Sum *Joly lemman* *dawis it not day*
 Sum *Be yon wodeys* *singis*
 Sum *Lute laite* *on evinnyngis*
 Sum *Joly Martene* *w' a mok*
 Sum *Lulalow lute cok*

* * * *

Sum *Symon sonis of Quhynfell*
 Sum *Maist' Pier de Conyate*.

Laing's Ancient Pop. Poet. of Scotland.

Gawain Douglas, in the Prologue to the Twelfth Book of his Virgil ('translated out of Latyne Verses into Scottish Metir,') tells us of Nymphs and Naiads

Sic as we clepe wenches and damosels,

that wander among flowers of white and red by
 spring wells plaiting 'lusty chaplets' for their heads,

* 'Twysbank,' Leyden suspected to be the appropriate tune of a song, or rather ballad, preserved in the Bannatyne MS. commencing,

Quhen Tayis bank wes blumyt brycht,
 With blosvmes blycht and bred.

Laing's Ant. Pop. &c.

and singing ' ring sangs, dances, ledes and rounds,'
till all the dale re-echoes their music ; one nymph
sings—

— "*The schip sails over the salt faem
Will bring their merchandis and my lemane hame
Sum vther singis ' I will be blyith and licht,
My hert is lent apoun sa gudly wicht.'*"

In the Thirteenth Prologue, allusion is made by
Douglas to a song called ' The joly day now dawis,'
which we learn from Dunbar and others, was popular
at that period. The following verses preserved
in the Fairfax MS. (A. D. 1500), are supposed to be
the original.

This day, day dawes,
This gentil day dawes,
And I must home gone.

In a glorious garden grene,
Saw I sytting a comly quene,
Among the flowris that fresh byn.
She gaderd a floure and sett betwene
The lyly whyct rose methought I sawe,
And ever she sang
This day, day dawes
This gentil day dawes.*

' The Gaberlunzie Man,' and the ' Jolly Beggar,'
are generally allowed to be the productions of King
James V. (Ob. 1542), ' he was naturally given to
poesie,' says Drummond of Hawthornden, ' as many
of his works yet extant testifie.'† We owe these

* ' Hey the day dauis,' is the first line of a song in Montgomery's
Poems by Laing, p. 219.

† History of Scotland.

two popular, clever, and ludicrous songs to tradition ; they have lived upon the tongues of the people for three centuries, and judging from the songs of even a later period, had they been preserved in the MS. of the period they would have little interest, save to antiquarians, they certainly would not have their present popularity. Their humour no one need think to exceed.

In a curious and valuable little book printed at St. Andrews in 1549, called ' The Complaynt of Scotland,' the author gives us the names of ' sum of the sueit sangis' that he heard a band of shepherds sing in the wholesome green fields. ' I herd amang them as eftir followis : in the first Pastance vitht gude cumpanye ; The breir byndis me soir, Stil under the leyuis grene,* Cou thou me the raschis grene, Allace I vyit zour twa fayr ene, Gode zon gude day vil boy, Lady help zour presoneir, Kyng Villzamis note, The lange noune nou . . . The Abirdenis nou, Brume brume on hil, Allone I veip in grit distres, Trolee lolee lemmendou . . The frog cam to the myl dur . . . *O lusty Maye Vitht Flora Quene* . . . The battel of the Hayrlau, *The huntis of Cheuet*, Sal I go vitht zou to Rumbelo fayr, Greuit is my sorrow, Turne the sueit Ville to me, My lufe is lyand seik, Send him ioy send him ioy, Fayr luf

* This is a very beautiful poem, one hundred and sixty-two lines in length, it is preserved in the Maitland MS. See Laing's *Early Metrical Tales*, p. 249.

lent thou me thy mantil ioy, *The Persee and the Mongumrye met, that day, that gentil day*, My luf is laid upon ane Knycht, Allace that samyn sueit face, In ane myrthful morou, My hart is 'leinit' on the land. Thir scheiphirdis ande there vyuis sang mony vther melodius Sangis, the quilkis i hef nocht in memorie: than efter this sueit celest armonye tha began to dance,' &c.

Ritson and Leyden, with great industry searched for these songs, and the result of their gleanings is very little; to copy their extracts, snatches of lines, and half chorusses, would be next to useless: they have no beauty to recommend them, and throw little light on the subject of song. The song commencing 'O lusty Maye vitht Flora quene,' has been published entire; I would assign it to Alexander Scott.

O, lustie Maye, with Flora quene,
The balmy drops from Phœbus sheene
Prelucant beam before the day;
By thee, Diana, groweth green,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Then Aurora, that is so bright,
To woful hearts she casts great light,
Right pleasantly before the day,
And shows and sheds forth of that light,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Birds on their boughs, of every sort
Send forth their notes and make great mirth
On banks that bloom, and every brae;
And fare and flee ower every firth,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

And lovers all that are in care
To their ladies they do repair,
In fresh morning before the day;
And are in mirth aye mair and mair,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Of everie moneth in the year
 To mirthful May there is no peer;
 Her glistering garments are so gay;
 You lovers all make merry cheer
 Through gladness of this lusty May.*

The Ballads of Chevy Chace and Otterbourne, were among the 'SWEIT SANGIS sung by the Scheip-hirdis'!

Mr. David Laing has preserved the following Lament made by some young lady about this period for the loss of what King James calls "her yellow lokkis;" as it stands it is but a fragment, having some lines eked out by the hand of Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, but it is a pathetic fragment.

'Fareweill, fare' weill, my yellow hair,
 'That curlit cleir' into my neck!
 'Allace!' that ever it grew sae fair,
 'Or yet in' to ane snood was knet.

'Qu' har I was wont to dance and sing;
 'A' mang my marrows mak repair—
 Now am I put furth of the ring,
 For fadit is my yellow hair.

My kirtill was of lincen green,
 Weill lacit with silk'en passments rair;
 God gif I had never pridefull 'been,
 For fadit is my yellow hair.

* It must be remembered that the above is printed from a modernized copy in the Aberdeen Cantus, 1666. The second verse appears thus in the Bannatyne MS.

Than Esperus, that is so bricht
 Till wofull hairtis, castis his ly:
 W: bankis that blumes (on enery bray)—bis;
 And schuris are sched furt of that sicht
 Thruch glaidnes of this lusty May.

Scott's Poems by Laing, p. 99.

God gif my hair had been als b'lak'
 As ever wes my heart full of cair,
 It wald not put me to sic lak,
 For fadit is my yellow hair.

Quhen I was young I had great st'ait,
 Weill cherishit baith with leas and ma'ir,
 For shame now steill I off the gait,
 For fadit is my yellow hair.

I wes our wanton of intent
 "Of wardlie joys I tuke my share;
 But sin hes nocht but sorrow sent,"
 And fadit is my yellow hair.

God gif the dait of luf wer gane,
 That I micht die, and luf na mair!
 To Jesu Christ, I mak my mane,
 And fadit is my yellow hair.

Sen all this folly is by went,
 Out of this warld I maun repair;
 I pray to God Omnipotent,
 To tak me, sinner, full of cair!

FINIS. AMEN.

Laing's Early Met. Tales, p. xlviii.

Alexander Scott, called by Pinkerton, 'the Anacreon of old Scottish Poetry,' flourished during the sixteenth century (born 1520). The following stanzas are considered by David Laing to be in his best manner. Scott has certainly sacrificed thought for the sake of rhyme.

'HENCE HAIRT.'

Hence hairt w^t hir that mvst departe
 And hald the w^t thy souerane;
 For I had lever want ane harte,
 Nor haif the hairt that dois me pane
 Thairfoir, go, w^t thy lufe remane,
 And lat me leif thus vnmolest;
 And se that thow cum no^t agane,
 Bot byd w^t hir thow lavis best.

Sen scho that I haif seruit lang
 Is to depairt so suddanly
 Address the now, for thow sall gang
 And beir thy lady cumpany :
 fra scho be gon, hairtless am I ;
 for quhy ? thow art w; hir possest ;
 Thairfoir my hairt ! go hence in hy,
 And byd w; hir thow luviss best.

Scott's Poems by Laing, p. 29.

It is right to notice here that the 'ballads' of 'Allane-a'-Maut,' and 'the Wyf of Auchtermuchty,' were both sung in the middle of the sixteenth century, and are preserved in the Bannatyne MS. 1568 : from whence I extract as a good specimen of old song, the popular story of

THE WOWING OF JOK AND JYNNY.

Robeysn Jok come to wow our Jynny,
 On our feist evin quhen we wer fow ;
 Scho brankit fast, and maid hir bony,
 And said, Jok, come ye for to wow ?
 Scho birneist hir baith breist and brow,
 And maid hir cleir as ony klok ;
 Than spak hir deme, and said, I trow,
 Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok.

Jok said, forsuth I yern full fane,
 To luk my heid, and sit down by yow,
 Than spak hir modir, and said agane,
 My bairne hes tocher-gud to ge yow.
 Te he, quoth Jynny, keik, keik, I se yow ;
 Muder, yone man makis yow a mok.
 I schro the, lyar ! full leis nie you,
 I come to wow your Jynny, quoth Jok.

My berne, scho sayis, hes of hir awin,
 Ane guss, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane fute-braid sawin,
 Ane kirk, ane pin, that ye weill ken,

Ane pig, ane pot, ane ralp thair ben,
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,
 Dischis and dublaris nyne or ten :
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok ?

Ane blanket, and ane wecht also,
 Ane schule, ane scheit, and ane lang fall,
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidillis two,
 Ane milk-syth, with ane swyne taill
 Ane rowsty quhittil to scheir the kaill,
 Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knock,
 Ane coig, ane caird wantand ane naill :
 Come ye ' to wow our Jynny, Jok ? '

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,
 Ane turs, ane troch, and ane meil-sek,
 Ane spurtill braid, and ane elwand.
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,
 And cryd, Ane feist ; and slew ane cok,
 And maid a brydell vp alland ;
 Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quoth Jok.

Now, demé, I haif your bairne mareit ;
 Suppois ye mak it never sa twche,
 I lat yow wit schos nocht miskareit,
 It is weill kend I haif annwch :
 Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huch,
 Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane sok,
 Without oxin I haif a pluche
 To gang to gidder Jynny and Jok.

I haif ane helter, ane elk, ane hek,
 Ane coird, ane creill, and als ane cradill,
 Fyve fiddler of raggis to stuff ane jak,
 Ane auld pannell of ane laid sadill,
 Ane pepper-polk maid of a padill,
 Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane nok,
 Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill,
 To gang to gidder Jynny and Jok.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne
 Weill buklit with a brydill renye,
 Ane sark maid of the linkome twyne,
 Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht stenye

And yit for mister I will nocht fenye,
 Fyive hundreth fies now in a fok.
 Call ye nocht that ane joly menye,
 To go to ' giddir Jynny, and Jok !'

Ane trene truncheon, ane ramehorn sponne,
 Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ledder,
 All graith that ganis to hobbill schone,
 Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,
 Ane brydill, ane girth, and ane swyne bledder,
 Ane maskene-fatt, ane fetterit lok,
 Ane scheip weill kelpit fra ill wedder,
 To ' gang to giddir, Jynny and Jok.'

Tak thair for my parte of the feist ;
 It is weill knawin I am weill bodin ;
 Ye may nocht say my parte is leist.
 The wyfe said, Speld, the kaill are soddin,
 And als the laverok is fust and loddin ;
 Quhen ye haif done tak hame the brok.
 The rost wes twche, sa wer thay bodin ;
 Syne gald to gidder bayth, Jynny and Jok.*

' The wowing of Jok and Jynny'—Lord Hailes observes, has ' by frequent publications, been much corrupted. Every publisher took the liberty of adding or altering just as his fancy led him.'† I have followed Mr. Laing's very accurate copy in the *Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland* [4to. 1822]. In this singular ballad the reader will perceive much similarity of style to the song printed in the former

* " When these good old bards wrote, we had not yet made Use of imported Trimming upon our Cloaths, nor of foreign Embroidery in our Writings. Their Poetry is the product of their own country, not pilfered and spoiled in the Transportation from abroad. Their images are native, and their Landscapes domestic, copied from those fields and meadows we every day behold." *Preface to the Evergreen.*—ALLAN RAMSAY.

† *Ancient Scots Poems*, p. 292.

volume, [p. 63], called 'Phillida flouts me,' and the absurd stall-copy rhymes of 'Arthur O'Bradley.'*

To advance the Reformation in Scotland, many parts of the popular songs were mingled with obscene verses, and sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. In 1590, and again in 1621, a curious volume of these divine songs in ridicule of Romish priests, was published in Edinburgh, bearing the following title, 'Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spiritual Sangs, collectit out of sundrie parts of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballats, changed out of profaine Sanges, for avoyding of Sinne and Harlotrie.' Of the grossness and profaneness of these 'godly sangs,' the reader will judge by the specimens :

Johne, cum kis me now,
 Johne cum kis me now ;
 John, cum kis me by and by,
 And make no more adow.

The Lord thy God I am,
 That John does thee call,
 John represents the man,
 By grace celestiall.

* Some objections have been made to the first volume of this work, on account of its not containing, what the Editor's friends are pleased to call, 'The popular songs of England.' Let me say here that the popular county garlands, collected by Ritson and others, contain few songs reaching mediocrity. The Editor searched these volumes, and the hanging walls of melody in Seven Dials, in the hopes of culling a dozen excellent songs to adorn these pages, the fruit of his research is printed in Vol. I. p. 219. The reader will judge of the general merit of these popular English songs by the specimen.

My prophets call, my preachers cry,
 Johnne come kis me now;
 Johnne come kis me by and by,
 And mak nae mair adow.

The popular song before alluded to, 'Hey the day dawis,'—is thus rendered for the service of religion.

Hay now the day dallis,
 Now Christ on us callis,
 Now welth on our wallis,
 Appeiris anone:
 Now the word of God rings,
 Whilk is King of all Kings;
 Now Christis flock sings,
 The night is neere gone.

Wo be unto zou hypocrits,
 That on the Lord sa loudly lies,
 And all to fill zour foull bellies,
 Ze are noght of Christ's blude nor bone.
 For ze preich your awin dremis,
 And sa the word of God blasphemis,
 God wot sa weill it seemis,
 The night is neere gone.

John Anderson my jo, is said to have been the air of a favourite hymn with the Romish priests.

WOMAN.

John Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,
 And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;
 Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat;
 John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how hae ze threven?
 And how mony bairns hae ze? Wom. Cummer, I hae seven.
 MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? Wom. Na, Cummer, na;
 For five of them were gotten, quhan he was awa'.

PERCY, II. 132.

'By the seven bairns,' says Percy, 'are meant

the Seven Sacraments, five of which were the spurious offspring of Mother Church ; the first stanza contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the Popish clergy.'

I will conclude these specimens of ' godly sangs,' by a ' spiritual version' of an old English song quoted by Fletcher in the Knight of the Burning Pestle,

Quho is at my windo, who who :
 Goe from my windo, goe, goe :
 Quha calls there, so like ane stranger,
 Goe from my windo, goe :
 Lord I am here.

It was an unholy plan of advancing true religion by means of lasciviousness and profaneness. This is not the only time that song has been made of great service in reformations and revolutions.

Alexander Montgomery flourished in the end of the sixteenth century, and shares with Scott the honour of being the first to give song an elegance of thought and diction. Had not the lyrics of Montgomery fortunately been preserved by printing and manuscript, we should have known little of either his beautiful sentiments or name. After invoking the muse to distil her streams of eloquence in praise of the comeliness of his mistress, he continues—

To kythe hir cunning, Natur wald
 Indeu hir with sik grace,
 My spreit rejosis to behald
 Her smyling angels face,
 Lyk Phœbus in the south,
 To skorne the rest of youth.

Hir curling loka, lyk golden rings,
 About her hevingly haffats hings;
 Quhilks do decore
 Hir body more,
 Quhom I adore
 Above all things.

Hir brouls ar brent : lyk golden threeds,
 Hir siluer shyning bree :
 The bony blinks, my courage feeds,
 Of hir tua christall ees,
 Twinkling illuminous,
 With beams amorous ;
 Quhairin tua naikit boyis resorts,
 Quhais countenance good hope reports ;
 For they appeir
 With smyling cheir,
 As they wald speir
 At me some sports.

Hir comelle cheeks of vive colour,
 Of rid and vhyt ymixt,
 Ar lyk the sanguene jonet flour
 Into the lillie firt.
 Hir mouth mellifuous,
 Hir breathing savorous,
 Hir rosie lippis most eminent,
 Hir teeth lyk pearle of orient ;
 Hir halse more vhyt
 Nor I can wryt
 With that perfyt
 And sapient.

Hir vestall breist of ivorie,
 Quhairon ar fixit fast
 Tua tuins of cleme virginitie,
 Lyk boullis of alabast.
 Out throu hir snaue skin,
 Maist cleirlic kythes within,
 Hir saphir veins, lyk threids of silk
 Or violets in vhytest milk.
 If Nature sheu,
 Hir hevinly heu
 In vhyt and blue,—
 It wes that ilk.

Hir armes ar long, hir sholders braid,
 Hir middill gent and small :
 The mold is lost, vhairin wes maid
 This *A per se* of all.*

* * * * *

Montgomery's Poems by Laing, p. 208.

I cannot bid adieu to Montgomery without recommending the lovers of poetry that are not already acquainted with the 'Cherrie and the Slae,' and the lyrics of the same author, to procure the volume of his poems, and read and be refreshed. Montgomery always thought and felt as a poet.

In Verstigan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, printed at Antwerp in 1605, Ritson found the following interesting passage so highly illustrative of Scottish song :—' So fell it out of late years, that an English gentleman, travelling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem, as he passed through a country town, he heard, by chance, a woman sitting at her door, dandling her child to sing, *Bothwel bank thou bloomest fayre*. The gentleman hereat wondered, and forthwith, in English, saluted the woman, who joyfully answered him ; and said she was right glad there to see a gentleman of our isle ; and told him that she was a Scottish woman, and came first from Scotland to Venice, and from Venice thither, where her fortune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk ; who, being at that instant absent, and very soon to return, she entreated the gentleman to

* See Mr. Cunningham's modernized copy of these lines at p. 18.

stay there until his return. The which he did ; and she, for country sake, to shew herself the more kind and bountiful unto him, told her husband at his home coming, that the gentleman was her kinsman ; whereupon her husband entertained him very kindly ; and, at his departure gave him divers things of good value.' The following is supposed to be the plaintive strain that soothed despair on ' the date crown'd shore ' of Syria.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

Balow, my babe, lye still and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe :
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.

Balow, my babe, ly still and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luvie,
And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His saynings fals, and flattering cheire,
To me that time did not appeire :
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, &c.

Lye still, my darling, sleipe awhile,
And when thou wakest, sweetly smile ;
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids : nay, God forbid !
Bott yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire,
Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father still :
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luvie with him doth still abyde :
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
 To faynings fals thine hart incline ;
 Be loyal to thy luvver trew,
 And nevir change hir for a new :
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,
 For women's bannings wonderous sair.

Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smilies maun eise my paine ;
 My babe and I'll together live,
 He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve :
 My babe and I right saft will ly,
 And quite forgett man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
 That evir kist a woman's mouth !
 I wish all maides be warn'd by mee
 Nevir to trust man's curtesy ;
 For if we doe bot chance to bow,
 They'll use us then they care not how.

Balow, my babe, ly still, and sleipe,
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Percy's Reliques, vol. ii p 214.*

The Lament for 'the bonny Earl of Murray'† has been entitled by Percy 'a Scottish song'—I cannot let slip this opportunity of printing in these pages a ballad of so much simplicity and beauty.

* A more modern copy of this song, and a more poetical one, is printed in Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*. Fletcher in the Knight of the Burning Pestle makes a citizen cry—'this is scurvy music,—you musicians play *Baleo*.'

† In December, 1591, Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI., but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The King unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
 Oh ! quhair hae ye been ?
 They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
 And hae lain him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley !
 And quhairfore did you sas ?
 I bade you bring him wi' you,
 But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he rid and the ring ;
 And the bonny Earl of Murray
 Oh ! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he play'd at the ba' ;
 And the bonny Earl of Murray
 Was the flower amang them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he play'd at the gluve ;
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh ! he was the Queenes luv.

Oh ! lang will his lady,
 Look owre the castle downe,*
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray,
 Cum sounding throw the town.

under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart, Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of February 7, 1593, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself ; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people.

King James, who took no care to punish the murderers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his Queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth.—PERCY.

* *Castle downe* here has been thought to mean the Castle of Downe, a seat belonging to the family of Murray.—PERCY.

A great change was wrought in the literature of Scotland in the early part of the seventeenth century by Drummond of Hawthornden and William Alexander, (afterwards Earl of Sterling); Drummond has not only the merit of teaching his nation a purer and more classical style of writing in the themes which he so poetically handled, but is now generally and justly considered as one of the early refiners of English versification. On comparing Drummond's and his friend Alexander's poems with those of Scott and Montgomery, it is easily perceived how much those poets did for the literature of their country:—wearing the cloaths not the garb of English writers, Drummond appeared as the first poet who wrote sonnets strictly and elegantly. King James to his last hour never could throw off his Scottish

Let me observe here that 'the castle downe,' means no more than the following passage in *Gil Morice*:—

The lady sat on castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there she saw Gil Morice's head
Cum tralling to the toun.

or this in 'Edom o' Gordon,'

The ladie stude on her castle wa'
Beheld baith dale and down;
There she was ware of a host of men
Cum ryding towards the toun.

and to have done with instances—the following in *Young Waters*:

The Quein luikt oure the castle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw zoung Waters
Cum ryding to the town.

accent, or rid his mind of northern phrases, and his letters written in the latter part of his reign, are full of the language of his native country. Few English poets of that period are so free from obsolete expressions as Drummond and Sterling: the former, I think, has but two words of northern birth, he speaks of the blackbird as the 'merle,' and the eyes as the 'een,' and even these two are found both in Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. The following pastoral song by Drummond, will fully bear out all I have said, it seems to have been written as a companion piece to Raleigh's beautiful little poem, 'The Shepherd's description of Love,' printed in that curious miscellany, 'The Phoenix Nest,' 1593.

A PASTORAL SONG.

PHILLIS AND DAMON.

PHIL. Shepherd, dost thou love me well?
 DAM. Better than weak words can tell.
 PHIL. Like to what, good shepherd, say?
 DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
 PHIL. O how strange these words I find!
 Yet to satisfy my mind,
 Shepherd, without mocking me,
 Have I any love from thee?
 Like to what, good shepherd, say?
 DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
 PHIL. Better answer had it been,
 To say thou lov'st me as thine eyne.
 DAM. Wo is me! these I love not,
 For by them love entrance got,
 At that time they did behold
 Thy sweet face and locks of gold.

- PHIL. Like to what, dear shepherd, say ?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
PHIL. Once, dear shepherd, speak more plain,
And I shall not ask again ;
Say, to end this gentle strife,
Dost thou love me as thy life ?
DAM. No, for it is turn'd a slave
To sad annoys, and what I have
Of life by love's stronger force
Is 'rest, and I'm but a dead corse.
PHIL. Like to what, good shepherd, say ?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
PHIL. Learn I pray this, like to thee,
And say, I love as I do me.
DAM. Alas ! I do not love myself,
For I'm split on beauty's shelf.
PHIL. Like to what, good shepherd, say ?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.

WORKS, fol. 1711.

The few pieces of poetry that remain of Sir Robert Ayton's, shew he possessed not only correctness and elegance of language, but simplicity and originality of thought. Had Ayton been born to fill a less prominent situation in the court of his Sovereign, the fancy and taste he possessed might have been more largely and more beneficially cultivated. His genius had then been called upon to support him as well as to afford him amusement and delight. The little he wrote excites pleasure and regret—pleasure that he wrote so sweetly and so well—and regret that the gift of poesy he had from Nature, was suffered so seldom to shew forth its sunny rays.

' The ewe-bughts Marion,' ' Tak your auld cloak about ye,' and ' Waly, waly up yon bank,' are songs

of great merit ; all three probably belong to the reign of Queen Mary.

Whatever lady was the love of Montrose, she is made glorious through his sword and famous by his pen.

If tradition is right in ascribing to Francis Sempie ' The blythesome bridal,' ' She rose and loot me in,' and ' Maggy Lauder,' his name may safely be placed in the first rank of lyric poets. Those songs, serious and witty, are alike clever.

' Katherine Ogie,' ' Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,' ' Muirland Willie,' ' The Country Lass,' ' The Brisk young lad,' ' Andro and his cutty gun,' ' My wife has taen the gee,' ' Clout the Cauldron,' ' Get up and bar the door,' ' Ettrick banks,' ' Saw ye Johnie coming ?' ' An thou wert my ain thing,' ' Our gudeman came hame at een : ' are all first-rate songs, of various descriptions, and nearly all of the same merit ; and no one knows who are their authors ! " their very names," writes Burns, " (O, how mortifying to a bard's vanity !) are now ' buried among the wreck of things which were.' " There is what Scott calls " a bold, rude, original cast of thinking" about some of the above mentioned comic songs.

" Whoever," says Allan Cunningham, " was the author of ' Willie was a wanton wag,'—no one ever conceived a more original lyric, or filled up the outlines of his conception with more lucky drollery, more lively flashes of native humour, or brighter touches of human character. Willie, is indeed, the

first and last of his race : no one has imitated him, and he imitated none."*

In Allan Ramsay we see the restorer and reviver of our songs, and a poet full of natural outbursts of fancy and feeling. If we except Bishop Percy, no poetical antiquary has done as much for the Songs and Ballads of his country as Ramsay ; if he had not the faithfulness of Ritson, his taste and his judgment were more eminently fine. To Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, we stand indebted for the preservation of many an excellent song ; that work introduced to the world Hamilton, Crawford and Mallet.

No writer has happier and more frequent touches of delicacy and pastoral sweetness than Ramsay : no poet has blended together more than he has done of absurdity and beauty. Few of his songs, taken upon the whole, are good ; but not even Burns himself has paid luckier compliments to beauty, or thought oftener as a poet more finely, than Allan Ramsay.

Who is there that does not admire the pastoral beauty and sweetness of Crawford, and the elegance and refinement of Hamilton ? " It may be questioned," says Ritson, " whether an English writer has produced so beautiful a pastoral as Tweedside. Crawford is in the first rank of lyric poets."†

* Songs of Scotland, l. 178.

† Scott. Songs, lxxviii.

In Thomson's little lyrics we perceive the author of the *Seasons* and the *Castle of Indolence*. Churchill said—

Those who would make us feel must feel themselves.

Thomson has felt, and imparted his fine feeling to others.

Lord Binning's 'Ungrateful Nanny,' Ritson pronounces 'the beautiful pastoral of a promising young nobleman.' If we look at this song as an imitation of the true pastoral what shepherds thought on the braes of Yarrow, and among the broom of Cowdenknowes—then it is a silly, frivolous performance. Look at in the same light as Gay's *Pastoral Week*—it is witty and clever, smart and lively.

"The general character of the Jacobite Songs," says Hogg, "is that of a rude energetic humour, and amongst them are specimens of sly and beautiful allegory."*

Few of our gentleman authors have written a song of the same merit as Sir Gilbert Elliot's 'Ambition is no cure for love,' there is a softness and a grace about it not easily attained.

* Pref. to *Jac. Rel.* Of the song printed at p. 139, beginning—

As I come down the Canongate—

it is not improbable but only the first verse is old—the other stanzas seem the composition of Allan Cunningham.

The Jacobites grafted their own feelings on the choruses of favourite strains like the religionists a century or two before.

All the spirit and beauty of the old ballads, Miss Elliot threw into 'The Flowers of the Forest;' though Miss Rutherford's song on the same subject, has little of the olden grace about it, it is equally touching and sweet.

Burns has spoken of Skinner's two songs 'Tullochgorum' and 'John of Badenyon,' in raptures not easily accounted for, if we believe the poet wrote what he felt. "The first," says Cunningham, with justice, "is gay and sprightly; the second belongs to that monitory class, which to the interest of a pleasant story adds two or three words of good counsel."

'Bess the Gawkie,' and 'There's nae luck about the house,' are two most admirable songs. The latter speaks strongly to the heart.

'Mary's dream,' by Lowe, is a song full of pathos and sweetness; it has an additional merit, the thought is both beautiful and new.

Scotland has reason to be proud of her lady authors; they have contributed largely and ably to her collection of songs. In magnanimity of soul and feeling, there is nothing in our language to surpass the Cherokee Indian's death song,—the true pathos and sublime of sorrow Mrs. Stewart threw into that "song of genius,"—as Burns calls it—

The tears I shed must ever fall.

Tenderness and beauty were happily mingled by Lady Lindsay in 'Auld Robin Gray,' by Miss Rutherford and Miss Elliot in 'The flowers of the forest.'

Lady Baillie, and a far greater poetess of the same name, Joanna Baillie, have likewise given their share of golden song to the same overflowing abundance.

The different excellencies observed in the songs already noticed, are found beautifully united in the lyrics of Robert Burns. In him, the humour and almost peculiar excellencies of Ramsay, the pastoral sweetness of Crawford, the tender elegancies of Hamilton and Thomson, and the rustic sprightliness and merriment of King James, are decked out in more than their native graces, and blended with a fervour, a beauty, and a reality belonging solely to himself. Whether he was sublimely addressing the lingering star again ushering in the day when his Highland Mary was torn from his breast, where pathos of sentiment, and an exquisitely unrivalled beauty of description excite our utmost admiration and cause our bosoms to thrill with the same feelings as vibrated through his own. Whether he sings of 'Bonnie Jean,' the 'Lass of Ballochmyle,' or celebrates in words and thoughts more sweet than music, the 'Banks and braes of bonnie Doun,' or gets his death

frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

Whether he is changed from an idolization of beauty, and forces upon us, or as Johnson says, 'sinks upon us,' the belief that he really cared for nought but big-bellied bottles and lasses wi' lumps of land. Whether he sings of himself as one of the

' blythest hearts in Christendie,' and outstrips the former bounds of humour (but not the proper pale of humour) in ' Tam Glen,' and ' Duncan Gray.' Whether he is in love or in drink, we are with him; we love those whom he loves, and delight in those things he delights in; if 'tis beauty he admires, we are in love with something even more divine than woman, and if 'tis the wine-cup he endears, it flows over with the nectar of the gods. His matchless line of beauties, work upon us the same enchantment as they did within the breast of the heaven-inspired poet on the banks of the Doon, or behind the hills where flow the Lugar and Cluden. His loves are of no age; with them it will be continual spring, embalmed in the beauty and grace of song.

Hector Macneill has simplified simplicity, and mingled silliness with prettiness. He is never strong, seldom pretty, but always musical.

The tenderness and sweetness of Tannahill, would be more admired were his language more strong and his thoughts more original. He saw objects in no new light, what he has seen, others saw before him with the same charms of bloom and elegance. The music of his numbers should have beautified beauties of his own.

The aptness of illustration, the vividness of colouring, and the vehemence of diction contained in Sir Walter Scott's popular ballads of ' Jock of Hazledean' and ' Young Lochinvar,' cannot be too much

admired. They are lyrics stamped with the spirit of the minstrel of Flodden Field. Sir Walter's sentimental songs are next to worthless.

There are not many Scottish songs of superior merit to the 'Hills of Gallowa,' by Thomas Cunningham. Few songs are stamped with the same beauty, and the same originality.

I will now string together some encomiums on the songs of Scotland.

"The songs of Scotland," said Sir Walter Scott, "are a part of our national inheritance, and something that we may truly call our own. They have no foreign taint; they have the pure breath of the heather and the mountain breeze. All the genuine legitimate races that have descended from the ancient Britons—such as the Scotch, the Welsh, and the Irish,—have national airs. The English have none; because they are not natives of the soil, or, at least are mongrels. Their music is all made up of foreign scraps, like a harlequin's jacket, or a piece of mosaic. Even in Scotland, we have comparatively few national songs in the eastern part, where we have had most influx of strangers. A real old Scottish song is a cairngorm, a gem of our own mountains; or rather, it is a precious relique of old times, that bears the national character stamped upon it, like a cameo, that shows what the national visage was in former days, before the breed was crossed."*

* Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, by W. Irving, p. 27.

"The character of our songs," says Allan Cunningham, "is peculiar. They are more simple in their language, more natural in their sentiments and wider in their range than the lyrics of the south: they unite sentiment with story, and the scenery of nature with both: they are not surpassed in pathos, and they are unequalled for humour, for sarcastic sallies, and happy delineation of manners. They are all stamped with the spirit and feeling of old Scotland, whether they are the work of the rustic or the scholar, the man of rank, or the mechanic; nor is it the least remarkable part of their history that some of the happiest and the most impassioned were written by a ploughman in honour of the country lasses around him."

Speaking of English and Scottish Songs, Ritson says, "the truth is, there is more of art than of nature in the English songs; at all events they possess very little of that pastoral simplicity for which the Scottish are so much admired; and which will be frequently found to give them the advantages which the beautiful peasant in her homespun russet, has over the fine town lady, patched, powdered, and dressed out, for the ball or opera in all the frippery of fashion."*

"The Scottish songs," writes Washington Irving, "in general have something intrinsically melancholy in them, owing, in all probability, to the pastoral

* Scottish Songs, 1794, lxxix.

and lonely life of those who composed them, who were often mere shepherds, tending their flocks in the solitary glens, or folding them among the naked hills. Many of these rustic bards have passed away without leaving a name behind them; nothing remains of them but these sweet and touching little songs, which live like echoes about the places they once inhabited. Most of these simple effusions are linked with some favourite haunt of the poet; and in this way, not a mountain or valley, or town or tower, green shade or running stream, in Scotland, but has some popular air connected with it, that makes its very name a key-note to a whole train of delicious fancies and feelings."*

"Although it be acknowledged," says Allan Ramsay, "that our Scots tunes have not lengthened variety of music, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweetness, that make them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among ourselves, but in other countries. They are for the most part so cheerful, that on hearing them well played or sung, we find a difficulty to keep ourselves from dancing."†

What does BURNS say in praise of his country's lyrics—"Those who think," says the great poet, "that composing a Scotch song is a trifle should set themselves down and try."‡

To make suche trifels it asketh some counnyng.—SKELTON.

* Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, p. 25.

† Preface to *Tea Table Miscellany*.

‡ Works, VI. 195.

“ The genuine and peculiar natural song of Scotland,” Ritson justly remarks, “ is to be found not in the works of Hamilton, Thomson, Smollett, or even Ramsay, but in the productions of obscure anonymous authors, of shepherds and milkmaids, who actually felt the sensations they describe—in this point of view the English have nothing equal in merit, nor in fact any thing of the kind.” * This is one of the truest observations Ritson ever made, the songs of England and Ireland are the productions, almost without exception, of their poets, the authors of volumes, but many of the very best Scottish songs are the compositions of country lads and lasses ; every district being rich in sentimental, humorous and descriptive songs. The Scotch are a nation of songsters, king and statesman, warrior and titled lady, poet, gentleman, herd-boy and shepherd-lass alike contributing to the lyrical stores of their country. Cowley writes that ‘ poetry was born among the shepherds ’ :—in Scotland, it still lives among the shepherds !

Critics have objected to the songs of Scotland on account of their rhymes, sometimes they are correct, oftener otherwise, and frequently their verses are bare of rhyme altogether,—let these critics, if there still be any, remember that Dr. Johnson objects to the *Lycidas* of Milton ! because ‘ the rhymes are uncertain.’ The majority of the songs thus objected

* *Scottish Songs*, p. lxxx.

to, critics should recollect were never composed for a printer's type,—the thoughts were strung together for the lips of maidens, who by a skilful voice melted the rhymes into order and beauty. "I sometimes imagine," said Burns, "that it might be possible for a Scotch poet with a nice judicious ear ; to set compositions to many of our most favourite airs, independent of rhyme altogether!"* One should look rather to the sentiment than the rhyme.

These little volumes are sent forth by one, conscious of the numerous beauties they contain, and not ignorant of the Editorial faults they abound in. All who love simplicity and pathos, sprightliness and true humour, the tender and the beautiful, music and song, (for there is as much melody in true poetry, as there is in the strings of a harp or lute), all who love the tuneful harmony of verse with the complaints and adorations of the loving and the loved, cannot fail to be delighted with the natural outbursts of true feeling and true poetry stamped on these pages :—

—— all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is that they sing and that they love !—WALLER.

* Works VI. p. 41.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

VOL. II.

B

SONGS AND SWEET COMPLAINTS OF LOVERS KIND.

Tasso, by Fairfax.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

KING JAMES V.

Born 1512—Died 1542.

The pawky auld carle came o'er the lea,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad ne'er think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What these slee twa together were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black
 As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my bak,

And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
 And O! quo' she, an I were as whyte,
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
 I'd cleid me braw, and lady like,
 And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
 They raise awae before the cock,
 And wilily they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Upon the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure put on her claise;
 Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hand, cry'd, dulefuday,
 For some of our gear will be gane.
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
 But nought was stown, that cou'd be mist,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leil poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly benn.
 The servant gade where the daughter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife 'gan say,
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy! gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,

The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.

Some rade upo' horse, some ran a foot,
The wife was wude, and out o' her wit,
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But ay did curse and did ban.

Meantime far hind out o'er the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,

Cut frae a new cheese a whang.

The priving was good; it pleased them baith;
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith:
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,

My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend, my minnie, I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,

After the Gaberlunzie-man.

My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' nae learned the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,

And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the gaberlunzie on.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my ee;
A cripple, or blind, they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

[This very graphic song is printed as the composition of James V. of Scotland—"a prince," says Percy, "whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II. He was noted," the bishop adds, "for strolling about his dominions in disguise, and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz. in the Gaberlunzie-man, and The Jolly Beggar."

The verbal variations of the Gaberlunzie-man are very numerous—the Editor has been guided by George Chalmers' copy, printed in the Poetic Remains of the Scottish Kings, 1824.

"I know not where a more lively picture of living life, or a story of rustic intrigue, told with such naïveté and discretion is to be found."
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

KING JAMES V.

There was a jolly beggar,
 And a begging he was boun',
 And he took up his quarters,
 Into a landart town :
 He wadna lie into the barn,
 Nor wad he in the byre,
 But in ahint the ha' door,
 Or else afore the fire.
 And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
 A roving in the night ;
 We'll gang nae mair a roving,
 Let the moon shine e'er so bright.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en,
 Wi' gude clean straw and hay,
 And in ahint the ha' door
 'Twas there the beggar lay.

Up rose the gudeman's daughter,
All for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar-man
Standing on the floor.

He took the lassie in his arms,
Fast to the bed he ran—
O hoolie, hoolie wi' me, Sir,
Ye'll wauken our gudeman.
The beggar was a cunning loon,
And ne'er a word he spak—
But long afore the cock had crawn,
Thus he began to crack.

Is there any dogs into this town?
Maiden tell me true—
And what wad ye do wi' them
My hinny and my dow?
They'll rive a' my meal-powks,
And do me mickle wrang.—
O dool for the doing o't,
Are ye the puir man?

Then she took up the meal-powks,
And flang them o'er the wa',
The deil gae wi' the meal-powks
My maiden fame and a':—
I took ye for some gentleman,
At least the Laird o' Brodie—
O dool for the dooin' o't,
Are ye the poor bodie?

He took the lassie in his arms,
And gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder merk,
To pay the nurse's fee:

He took a wee horn frae his side,
 And blew baith loud and shrill,
 And four-and-twenty beltit knights,
 Came skipping o'er the hill.

And he took out his little knife,
 Loot a' his duddies fa'
 And he was the brawest gentleman
 That was amang them a'.
 The beggar was a clever loon,
 And he lap shouther height,
 O ay for siccan quarters
 As I gat yesternight.
 And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
 A roving in the night;
 We'll gang nae mair a roving,
 Let the moon shine e'er so bright.

[Mr. Allan Cunningham in his Edition of the Songs of Scotland has very happily added a variation in the chorus to this lively and ludicrous exhibition of a royal intrigue.

2.

And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Though malds be e'er so loving,
 And the moon shine e'er so bright.

3.

And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Save when the moon is moving,
 And the stars are shining bright.

4.

And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Nor sit a sweet maid loving,
 By coal or candle light.

5.

And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Although the moon is moving,
 And stars are shining bright.

6.

The same as the fourth.

And we'll ay gang a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 For then the maids are loving,
 And stars are shining bright.

The scrupulous Ritson has allowed this song to be the production of King James.]

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill;
 Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily.
 Get up, gudeman, save Crumie's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Crumie is a usefu' cow,
 And she is come of a gude kin';
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne.
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore the crown,
And thou a man of low degree;
It's pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain law,
Ilk kind of corn has its ain hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurklin' in the ase?
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat it's thretty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we hae had, between us twa,
O' lads and bonnie lasses, ten.
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray weel may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es na strife,
 But she wad guide me if she can ;
 And, to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
 Nought's to be won at woman's han',
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

[This very old ballad is claimed by both England and Scotland—
 it is now beginning to be generally admitted that the English
 version printed by Percy from his old folio, is not the original. The
 present copy preserved by Ramsay, is far superior in merit.

The reader will recollect Iago's singing :—

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
 His breeches cost him but a crown ;
 He held them sixpence all too dear,
 With that he called the tailor—lown.
 He was a wight of high renown,
 And thou art but of low degree,
 'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
 Then take thy auld cloak about thee.]

TODLIN HAME.

When I hae a saxpence under my thumb,
 Then I'll get credit in ilka town :
 But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by ;
 O ! poverty parts good company.
 Todlin hame, todlin hame,
 Coudna my love come todlin hame ?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink wi' her ale,
Syne if her tippeny chance be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca' it awa'.
 Todlin hame, todlin hame,
 As round as a neep come todlin hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pintstoups at our bed-feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye of wee kimmer and I?
 Todlin but, and todlin ben,
 Sae round as my love comes todlin hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin dow,
Ye're ay sae good humour'd when weeting your mou';
When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flee,
That 'tis a blyth sight to the bairns and me,
 When todlin hame, todlin hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlin hame

[From Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, 1724. "This is perhaps the best bottle song ever composed."—BURNS.]

THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion;
But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O, Marion's a bonnie lass,
And the blythe blinks in her ee ;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane ;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their e'e,
At kirk, when they see my Marion ;
But nane o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion ;
A cow and a brawny quey,
Ise gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day ;
And ye'se get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat o' London brown,
And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion ;
Nane dances like me on the green :
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean :
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle o' cramasie ;
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and see ye.

[First printed in the Tea Table Miscellany. Percy inserted it in his Reliques with the following note, " This Sonnet appears to be ancient : that and its simplicity of sentiment have recommended it to a place here."]

I LOVED THEE ONCE.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

Born 1570—Died 1638.

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame ;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same ?
He that can love, unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain.
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown
If thou hadst still continued mine ;
Yea, if thou hadst still remain'd thine own,
I might perchance, have yet been thine,
But thou thy freedom didst recal,
That it thou might'st elsewhere enthrall,
And then, how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain ?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
No constancy, to love thee still :
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so ;
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice;
 Thy choice, of his good fortune boast;
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
 To see him gain what I have lost:
 The height of my disdain shall be,
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
 To love thee still but go no more
 A begging at a beggar's door.

[Sir Robert Ayton was Secretary to Anne the wife of the first English James. There is little known of his Life. Jonson told Drummond that 'Sir R. Alton lo'ed him dearly.' He lies buried in Westminster Abbey where a handsome monument is erected to his memory.]

I DO CONFESS THOU'RT SMOOTH AND FAIR.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love thee;
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak had power to move thee
 But I can let thee now alone,
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
 Thy favours are but like the wind,
 That kisses every thing it meets.
 And since thou can with more than one,
 Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
 Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells!
 But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
 Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been awhile;
 Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,
 And I will sigh, while some will smile,
 To see thy love for more than one
 Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

[“ This song,” writes Robert Chambers, “ is generally printed with the name of Sir Robert Ayton as author; but it is a suspicious circumstance that, in Watson’s Collection (1706-11), where several poems by Sir Robert are printed with his name in a cluster, this is inserted at a different part of the work, *without his name*.”]

The following is Burns’ alteration of the above exquisite stanzas—
 “ I do think,” says the poet, “ that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scot’s dress,”—

I do confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been o’er the lugs in love,
 Had I na found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak, thy heart could move.
 I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art sae thriftless o’ thy sweets,
 Thy favours are the silly wind,
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
 Amang its native briers sae coy;
 How sune it tines its scent and hue
 When pou’d and worn a common toy!
 Sic fate, ere lang shall thee betide,
 Tho’ thou may gaily bloom awhile;
 Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
 Like ony common weed and vile.

“ This,” says Mr. Cunningham, “ is almost the only song which Burns failed to improve.”]

RATTLIN ROARING WILLIE.

O rattlin roarin Willie,
O he held to the fair,
And for to sell his fiddle,
And buy some other ware ;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his ee ;
And rattlin roarin Willie,
Ye're weloome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine ;
O Willie come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine.
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' wad think I was mad ;
For mony a ranting day
My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam in by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben ;
Rattlin roarin Willie
Was sitting at yon boord-en' ;
Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang gude companie ;
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're weloome hame to me.

[This song owes its preservation to Burns, who added the last verse in compliment to a friend of his, Colonel William Dunbar, "one of the worthiest fellows in the world." It was first printed in Johnson's Musical Museum, Part II. 1788.]

Mr. Allan Cunningham added the following stanza in his collection of Scottish Songs—it is most likely his own composition—

I made my gallant fiddle
Of our repentance stool ;
The lasses went wild wi' laughing,
And danc'd frae Paste to Yule—
The doucest foot o' the parish
Has wagg'd to it wantonlie ;
O monie's the mirthsome minute
My fiddle has made for me.

Hogg has also written a song carrying on the same sentiment.]

MONTGOMERY'S MISTRESS.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

O nature lavished on my love
Each charm and winning grace—
It is a glad thing to sad eyes
To look upon her face :
She's sweeter than the sunny air
In which the lily springs ;
While she looks through her clustering hair
That o'er her temples hings,
I'd stand and look on my true love
Like one grown to the ground ;—
There's none like her in loveliness,
Search all the world around.

Her looks are like the May-day dawn
When light comes on the streams ;
Her eyes are like the star of love,
With bright and amorous beams.

She walks—the blushing brook-rose seems
Unworthy of her foot ;
She sings—the lark that hearkens her
Will evermore be mute,
For from her eyes there streams such light,
And from her lips such sound ;
There's none like her in loveliness,
Search all the world around.

Her vestal breast of ivorie,
Aneath the snowy lawn,
Shows with its twin-born swelling wreaths,
Too pure to look upon ;
While through her skin her sapphire veins
Seem violets dropt in milk,
And tremble with her honey breath
Like threads of finest silk ;
Her arms are long, her shoulders broad,
Her middle small and round—
The mold was lost that made my love,
And never more was found.

[This is a very free and very beautiful modernization, if I may use such a word, of a song robed in the garb of antiquity, by Allan Cunningham. Specimens of Montgomery's own songs will be found in the Preface to this volume. See Laing's Edition of Montgomery's Poems, p. 208.]

MONTGOMERY'S MATCHLESS MARGARET.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

Ye lovers leal forbear to style
Your ladies fairest of the fair ;
A purer light is come on earth,
And they maun hope to shine nae mair.
There is a gem without compare,
The brightest e'er in crowns was set,
A lady fair, and sweet as rare,
Montgomery's matchless Margaret.

Her better nature far excels
Her noble birth and royal blood ;
Fairest where all are fair, and full
Of native gifts and graces good—
The wit and wale of womanhood,
Mair sweet than roses newly wet
With thrice distilled dews—I wooed,
But won not matchless Margaret.

O mind me, Fortune, when you rain
Your idle crowns and sceptres down ;
O Love, make me seem in her sight
The noblest that's beneath the sun :
O lang I've loved but never won,
And wander'd till my locks were wet
In midnight dew-drops, musing on
My loved, my matchless Margaret.

[A modernized version by Allan Cunningham. For the original words see Laing's Edition of Montgomery's Poems, p. 161.]

WHILE WITH HER WHITE AND NIMBLE HANDS.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

While with her white and nimble hands
My mistress gathering blossoms stands,
Amid the flowery mead ;—
Of lilies white, and violets,
A garland properly she plaits
To set upon her head :

Thou sun, now shining bright above,
If ever thou the fire of love
Hast felt, as poets feign :
If it be true, as true it seems,
In courtesy withdraw thy beams
Lest thou her colour stain.

If thou her fairness will not burn
She'll quit thee with a kinder turn,
And close her sparkling eyes ;—
A brightness far surpassing thine,
Lest thou thereby ashamed should tyme
Thy credit in the skies.

[Modernized by Allan Cunningham.]

ARMSTRONG'S GOOD NIGHT.

This night is my departing night,
 For here nae langer must I stay;
 There's neither friend nor foe o' mine,
 But wishes me away.

What I have done thro' lack of wit,
 I never, never can recall;
 I hope ye're a' my friends as yet;
 Goodnight, and joy be with you all.

[“These verses are said to have been composed by one of the Armstrongs, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, Warden of the Middle Marches.”—SCOTT.

“The music of the most accomplished singer is dissonance to what I felt when an old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnie Armstrong's Last Goodnight.”—GOLDSMITH.

The above is printed from Sir Walter Scott's copy—there are many variations in lines and many fabrications of verses in different Ballad Books totally unworthy of being here inserted.]

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

JAMES GRAHAME, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

Born 1612—Hanged 1650.

My dear and only love, I pray
 That little world of thee
 Be govern'd by no other sway,
 But purest monarchy;

For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe :
But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me ;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.

I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

[From Watson's Collection, 1711.]

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

FRANCIS SEMPLE OF BELTREES.

Fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be liting there ;
For Jock's to be married to Maggy,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang-kail and porridge,
And bannocks o' barley-meal ;
And there will be good saut herring,
To relish a cog of good ale.

And there will be Sawney the sutor,
And Will wi' the meikle mou' ;
And there will be Tam the blutter,
With Andrew the tinkler, I trow ;
And there will be bow-legged Robie,
With thumbless Katy's goodman ;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
And Laurie the laird of the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
And plooky-fac'd Wat o' the mill,
Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
That wins in the how of the hill;
And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
Wha in with black Bessie did mool,
With snivelling Lilly, and Tibby,
The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
And coft him grey breeks to his a—,
Who after was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd na warse:
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
And Kirsh with the lily-white leg,
Wha gade to the south for manners,
'And danced the daft dance' in Mons-meg.

And there will be Judan Maclaurie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flae-lugged sharney-fac'd Laurie,
And shangy-mou'd haluket Meg.
And there will be happer-a—'d Nancy,
And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
Muck Madie, and fat hippit Grisy,
The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be Girn-again-Gibbie,
With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was skipper himsel.
There lads and lasses in pearlings
Will feast in the heart of the ha',
On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith sodden and raw

And there will be fadges and brochan,
With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,
Powsowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate.
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whitens and speldings enew,
With singed sheep-heads, and a haggies,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbocks,
And sowens, and farls, and baps,
With swats, and well scraped paunches,
And brandy in stoups and in caps :
And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
With skink to sup till ye rive,
And roasts to roast on a brander,
Of flukes that were taken alive.

Scrapt haddock, wilks, dulse and tangle,
And a mill of good snishing to prie ;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be liting there ;
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

[This very lively and graphic old song was first published in Watson's Collection of Scottish Poetry, 1706.]

SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.

FRANCIS SEMPLE OF BELTREES.

The night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies,
Of glittering stars appeared no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes;
When to her father's gate I came,
Where I had often been,
And begged my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

Fast locked within my close embrace,
She trembling stood ashamed—
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
And every touch inflamed.
With look and accents all divine
She did my warmth reprove,—
The more she spoke, the more she looked,
The warmer waxed my love.

Then, then beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy!
I knew no greater blessing,
So blest a man was I:
And she all ravish'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again,
And kindly vowed that every night
She'd rise and let me in.

Full soon, soon I returned again
When stars were streaming free,
Oh slowly, slowly came she down,
And stood and gazed on me:

Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash sin—
 And aye she mourn'd the fatal hour
 She rose and loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part ?
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart :
 We wedded, and I thought me blest
 Such loveliness to win ;
 And now she thanks the happy hour
 She rose and loot me in.

[First printed in the Tea Table Miscellany, 1734. The versions of Ramsay and Herd have not here been printed on account of their indelicacy. I have printed Allan Cunningham's copy of the song in preference to Mr. Chambers', as having more of the old spirit in it. The present song has been claimed by Ritson as an English production.]

MAGGIE LAUDER.

FRANCIS SEMPLE OF BELTREES.

Wha wadnae be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder !
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her :
 Right scornfully she answered him,
 Begone, you hallan-shaker ;
 Jog on your gate, you blether-skate,
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, now by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see thee,
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rab the Ranter:
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags,
Or is your drone in order?
If you be Rab, I've heard of you,—
Live you upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard o' Rab the Ranter—
I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
For brawlie could she frisk it:
Weel done, quoth he; play up, quoth she;
Weel bobbed! quo Rab the Ranter;
'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you played your part, quo Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson—
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.*

* A celebrated piper in Renfrewshire.

I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter ;
 Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

["This old song, so pregnant with Scottish naiveté and energy, is much relished by all ranks notwithstanding its broad wit and palpable allusions. Its language is a precious model of imitation: sly, sprightly, and forcibly expressive. Maggie's tongue wags out the nicknames of Rob the piper with all the careless lightsomeness of unrestrained gaiety."—BURNS.

From Herd's Collection, first Edition. 8vo. 1769. The second Edition in two volumes did not appear till 1776.]

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

The bride cam' out o' the byre,
 An' O as she dighted her cheeks !
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 An' have neither blankets nor sheets :
 Have neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too ;
 The bride that has a' to borrow
 Has e'en right mickle ado.
 Woo'd and woo'd and married,
 Married and woo'd and a',
 And was she nae very well off
 That was woo'd and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he cam' in frae the pleugh ;
 O haud your tongue, my dochter,
 And ye's get gear enough ;

The stirk that stands i' th' tether,
And our bra' bawsint yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn,
What wad ye be at, ye jade?

Out spake the bride's mither,
What deil needs a' this pride :
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride ;
My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava ;
An' ye hae ribbons an' buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,
Tho' we be scant o' claes,
We'll creep the closer thegither,
And we'll smore a the fleas :
Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats o' woo,
And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
And she'll spin claiths anew.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam' in wi' the kye ;
Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye
Had he kent ye as weel as I ;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife ;
Gin I canna get a better,
I'se ne'er tak ane i' my life.

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre ;
O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire :

But we poor fouk maun live single,
And do the best we can ;
I dinna care what I should want,
If I could get a man.

[First published by David Herd in 1769. It is an excellent and an ancient song, says Mr. Cunningham.]

KATHERINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
From flowers which grew so rarely ;
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid, .
She shin'd, though it was foggie ;
I ask'd her name : Kind Sir, she said,
My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately ;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country-maid so neatly :
Such natural sweetness she display'd
Like a lilie in a bogie ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee ;

Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Far excel any clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain !
To feed my flock beside thee,
At bughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee ;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dang'rous stations :
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations :
Might I caress and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
For these are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and foggie :
Pity my case, ye powers above,
Else I die for Kath'rine Ogie !

[“ The song of Katherine Ogie is very poor stuff, and altogether unworthy of so beautiful an air. I tried to alter it, but the awkward

sound 'Ogie,' recurring so often in the rhyme spoils every attempt at altering the piece."—BURNS.

Allan Cunningham calls it a 'genuine, old, and excellent song. "I have some suspicion," he adds, "that the original name was Katherine Logie." In D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, there is an Anglo-Scottish song, but a very execrable one of 'Katharine Loggy.'

Katherine Ogie was first printed by Ramsay, with the letter X. appended to it, signifying that the author's name was unknown.]

P'LL GAR OUR GUDEMAN TROW.

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 That I'll sell the ladle,
 If he winna buy to me
 A new side saddle,
 To ride to the kirk and frae the kirk,
 And round about the toun,
 Stand about, ye fisher jads,
 And gie my gown room !

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 That I'll take the fling-strings,
 If he winna buy to me
 Twelve bonnie goud rings ;
 Ane for ilka finger,
 And twa for ilka thoom ;
 Stand about, ye fisher jads,
 And gie my gown room !

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 That I'll tak the glengore,
 If he winna fee to me
 Three valets or four

To beir my tail up frae the dirt,
 And ush me throw the toun,
 Stand about, ye fisher jads,
 And gie my gown room !

[“ As illustrations of the above song, see Sir Richard Maitland’s poem beginning,

Sum wyfis of the Burroustoun,
 Sa wonder vane ar, and wantoun,
 In warld they wait not quhat to weir,

and Sir David Lyndsay’s supplication against Syde Tallis and Musalit Faces.”—C. K. SHARPE.

The above copy is accurately given from Mr. Sharpe’s little curious Ballad Book, only thirty copies of which were ever printed; Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Chambers gave the song the benefit of their poetical talents, but their emendations are here rejected.]

THE LASSES O’ THE CANNOGATE.

The lasses o’ the Cannogate,
 O, they are wond’rous nice,
 They winna gie a single kiss,
 But for a double price

Gar hang them, gar hang them
 Heich upon a tree,
 For we’ll get better up the gate,
 For a bawbee.

[“ This seems to be a Satire on the court ladies of Edinburgh, it was remembered by an old Gentlewoman.”—C. K. SHARPE.

“ The Canongate was densely inhabited by persons of the first distinction.”—CHAMBERS.]

THERE LIVED A MAN INTO THE WEST.

There lived a man into the west,
And O but he was cruel,
For on his waddin nicht at e'en
He sat up and grat for gruel.
They brought to him a gude sheep's head,
A napkin, and a towel :
Gar tak your whim-whams a' frae me,
And bring me fast my gruel.

There is nae meal into the house,
What shall I do, my jewel?—
Gae to the pock and shake a lock
For I canna want my gruel.
There is nae milk into the house,
What shall I do my jewel?
Gae to the midden, and milk the soo,
For I wanna want my gruel.

[From the Ballad Book, 1824. Mr. Cunningham has printed a slightly different copy from the recitation of Sir Walter Scott, and added a third verse, in which he has given a name to the bride 'cannie Nancy Newell.']

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They war twa bonnie lasses!
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.

They theekit it o'er wi' rashes green,
 They theekit it o'er wi' heather,
 But the pest cam frae the burrows town,
 And slew them baith thegither !

They thought to lye in Methven kirk yard,
 Among their noble kin,
 But they maun lye in Stronach Haugh,
 To biek forenent the ain
 And Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They war twa bonnie lasses !
 They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
 And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.

[From the Ballad Book, 1824. 'There is much tenderness and simplicity in these verses.'—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The story of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray has been so often told, and is so well known, that it need not be repeated here. See Allan Ramsay's singular alteration of this pathetic ballad.]

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

Hearken, and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
 Though he could neither say nor do ;
 The truth I tell to you.
 But ay, he cried, whate'er betide,
 Maggie I'se hae to be my bride.

On his gray yaud as he did ride,
 Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' mickle pride,
 Wi' mickle mirth and glee,

Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon moor,
Till he came to her daddie's door.

Goodman, quo he, be ye within?
I'm come your daughter's love to win;
I carena for making mickle din,

What answer gie ye me?
Now wooer, quo' he, wad ye light doun,
I'll gie ye my daughter's love to win.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted doun,
Whare do ye won, or in what toun?
I think my daughter winna gloom

On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he stepped up the house,
An' wow but he was wondrous crouse.

I hae three owsen in a pleugh,
Twa good gaun yaudes and gear aneugh,
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh,

I scorn to tell a lee!
Forbye I have, frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kale yard.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town,
I wat on him she did nae gloom,

But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist.

To win your love, lass, I'm come here,
I'm young and hae enough o' gear,
And for mysel ye need na fear,
Troth try me whan you like.

He took off his bonnet, and spat in his chow,
He dighted his gab and he pried her mou.

The maiden blushed and binged fu' law,
She had sma' will to say him na;
But to her daddie she left it a',
As they twa could agree.
The lover he gae her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddie and tauld him this.

Your daughter wadna say me na,
But to yoursel she has left it a',
As we could gree between us twa,
Say what'll ye gie me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he: I hae nae mickle,
But sic as I hae ye'se get a pickle.

A kiln fu' o' corn, I'll gie to thee,
Three soums o' sheep, twa gude milk-kye,
The bridal feast, my blessing forbye—
Troth I dow do nae mair.
Content, quo Willie, a feast—a feast,
Gae fee the piper and fetch the priest.*

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass,
But siccan a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
The winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John tied up the marriage bands.

* I have followed Allan Cunningham's copy of this verse, which is much more graphic than the original wording.

And our bride's maidens werena few,
Wi' top-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,
Frae tap to tae they were brent new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in a' our ladses een.

Sic hirdum dirdum and sic din,
Wi' he o'er her and she o'er him—
The minstrels they did never blin
Wi' mickle mirth and glee,
And aye they reel'd and aye they set,
And ladses lips with lasses met.

[This is a long song and a good song. It was first published by Allan Ramsay.]

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

I wish I were where Helen lies—
Night and day on me she cries ;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnel lea.
O Helen fair beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O think nae ye my heart was sair
When my love dropt and spoke nae mair,
She sank and swoon'd wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnel lea.

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me.

As I went down the water wide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
With sword in hand and side by side,
On fair Kirconnel lea;
The small bird ceased its song with awe
When our bright swords it heard and saw,
And I hew'd him in pieces sma'
For her that died for me.

O that I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
"O come my love to me."
O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnel lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn o'er my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirconnel lea.
I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
I'm sick of all beneath the skies
Since my love died for me.

[It would be endless work to give the many variations in the song of Fair Helen, half a volume might be taken up in giving different

readings and different versions of ancient copies and modern fabrications. But see Leigh Hunt's Journal, Vol. I. Burns wrote to George Thomson that the song of Fair Helen was silly to despicability, an opinion few have joined him in.]

THE COUNTRY LASS.

Although I be but a country lass,
Yet a lofty mind I bear,
And think mysell as good as those
That rich apparel wear.
Although my gown be home-spun grey,
My skin it is as soft
As them that satin weeds do wear,
And carry their heads aloft.

What though I keep my father's sheep,
The thing that must be done,
With garlands of the finest flowers,
To shade me frae the sun ;
When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where grass and flowers do spring,
Then on a flowery bank at noon
I sit me down and sing.

My Paisley piggy, cork'd with sage,
Contains my drink but thin ;
No wines do e'er ' my veins ' enrage,
Or tempt my mind to sin.
My country curds, and wooden spoon,
I think them unco fine ;
And on a flowery bank at noon,
I sit me down and dine.

Although my parents cannot raise
Great bags of shining gold,
Like them whose daughters, now a-days,
Like swine are bought and sold;
Yet my fair body it shall keep
An honest heart within;
And for twice fifty thousand crowns,
I value not a prin.

I use nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck,
Nor shining rings upon my hands,
My fingers straight to deck;
But for that lad to me shall fa',
And I have grace to wed,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead.

If canny fortune give to me
The man I dearly love,
Though we want gear, I dinna care,
My hands I can improve,
Expecting for a blessing still
Descending from above;
Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kiss,
Repeating tales of love.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724. Where it is marked as an old song. It is proper to state that the second and last line of every verse has a pendulous 'O' to it, which hangs, says Mr. Cunningham, like a withered bough on a green tree.]

O WALY, WALY.

O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trustie tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
Sae my true love did lyghtlie me.

O waly waly but love be bonny
A little time while it is new;
But when its auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning-dew.
O wherefore shu'd I busk my head?
Or wherefore shu'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheits shall neir be press'd by me:
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad i' th' black velvet,
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kisst,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were borue,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gone,
And the green grass growing over me.

[This is an old and very beautiful song; it relates it is said to a circumstance as affecting as the lines are sweet. I have preferred the reading of Mr. Chambers' copy in the last line, to the one printed in the Tea Table Miscellany—which is—

For a maid again I'll never be.

Ramsay first published this song.]

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

There came a young man to my daddie's door,
My daddie's door, my daddie's door;
There came a young man to my daddie's door,
Came seeking me to woo.
And wow! but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
And wow! but he was a braw young lad,
Came seeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he came,
When he came, when he came,
I took him in, and gied him a scone,
To thowe his frozen mou'.

I set him in aside the bink,
I gae him bread, and ale to drink,
But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fou.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldrie wooer,
Ye sour-looking, cauldrie wooer,
I straightway show'd him to the door,
Saying, come nae mair to woo.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door;
There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
And there fell he, I trow!

Out came the guidman, and high he shouted,
Out came the guidwife, and laigh she louted,
And a' the toun-neeighbours were gather'd about it,
But there lay he, I trow!

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd,
Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a befyl'd.
We'll hae nae mair of you.

And wow! but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
And wow! but he was a braw young lad,
Came seeking me to woo.

-ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,
Blythe was she but and ben ;
Weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, she set me down,
And hecht to keep me lawin'-free ;
But, cunning carline that she was,
She gart me birlle my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor well eneugh ;
But waes my heart my cash was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.
When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In startit, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro, wi' his cutty gun.

The carline brocht her-kehbuck ben,
Wi' girdle-cakes weel toasted brown,
Weel does the canny kimmer ken
They gar the scuds gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about ;
Till dawnin' we ne'er jee'd our bun,
And ay the cleanest drinker out,
Was Andro, wi' his cutty gun

He did like ony mavis sing,
And, as I in his oxter sat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been far ayont the sun ;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Andro, wi' his cutty gun.

[“ Andro and his cutty gun’, is the work of a master.”—BURNS.
This blythesome, lively and admirable song was first published by
Allan Ramsay.]

MY WIFE HAS TA'EN THE GEE.

A friend of mine came here yestreen,
And he wad hae me down
To drink a bottle o' ale wi' him
In the niest burrows town.
But, O ! indeed it was, Sir,
Sae far the waur for me ;
For, lang or e'er that I came hame,
My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I tell to you,
That, lang or e'er the midnight came,
We a' were roarin' fou.
My wife sits at the fire side,
And the tear blinds aye her e'e,
The ne'er a bed wad she gae to,
But sit and tak the gee.

In the mornin' sune when I cam doun,
The ne'er a word she spake,
But mony a sad and sour look,
And aye her head she'd shake.

My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
To look sae sour on me?
I'll never do the like again,
If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When, that she heard, she ran, she flang
Her arms about my neck;
And twenty kisses in a crack,
And, poor wee thing, she grat.
If you'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life I'll be the wife
That never taks the gee.

[First published by Herd in 1769.]

CLOUT THE CAULDRON.

Hae you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinker to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders,
As scant of siller as of grace,
Disbanded, we've a bad run;
Gar tell the lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her cauldron.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a single fie
For any man's resentment.

For, lady fair, though I appear
To ev'ry ane a tinker,
Yet to yoursel I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle jinker.

Love, Jupiter into a swan,
Turn'd for his lovely Leda ;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
To carry off Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argus blinker,
And win your love, like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinker ?

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
But this fine plot you'll fail in,
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinker under tack
That's used to clout my cauldron.

[A Galloway tradition ascribes to a Gordon of the House of Kenmure the honour of composing the original words of this song, which are supposed to have assisted Allan Ramsay in modelling the present lyric.—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

THE DRUCKEN WIFE OF GALLOWAY.

Down in yon 'valley' a couple did tarry ;
The wife she drank naething but sack and canary :
The gudeman complain'd to her friends right sairly,
O ! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly !

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Gairie,
And syne she has drucken my bonnie gray marie,
That carried me through a' the dubs and the lairie :
O ! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly !

She has drucken her hose, syne has she her shoon,
Her snaw-white mutch and her bonnie new gown,
Her sark of the hollans that cover'd her rarely :
O ! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly !

Wad she drink but her ain things I wadnae much care,
But she drinks my claes that I canna weel spare ;
When I'm wi' my gossips it angers me sairly :
O ! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly !

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad,
The best blue bonnet e'er was o' my head ;
At kirk and at market I'm covered but barely
O ! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly !

The bonny white mittens that gade on my hans,
Wi' her neighbour wife she has put them in pawns ;
My bane-headed staff that I loved so dearly—
O ! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly !

I sit by my ingle sae mim and sae mute,
While she looks as black and as bitter as soot ;
And when she's for war, I am aye for a parley—
O ! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly !

When I am saddest, she laughs and she sings ;
My gold and my siller she's lending them wings ;
She shines like a princess—I scrimpet and sparely—
O ! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly !

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down she aye fills herself fou ;
And then when she's fou, she's sae unco camstarie—
O ! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly !

And when she comes hame she aye lays on the lads,
She ca's a' the lasses baith limmers and jauds,
And I my ain sel an auld cuckold carlie—
O ! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly !

[This song was first published in 'Yair's Charmer,' a collection of songs printed about 1765. I find it in a very corrupt state in Herd's Edition, 1769, and to this day the song has undergone many variations. Some clever hand might weld together the numerous verses, and make it an excellent song, Joanna Baillie has, I think, failed in her attempt to do so.]

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

There dwalt a man on Crawford moor,
And John Blunt was his name ;
He made gude maut, and brew'd gude ale,
And bore a wond'rous fame.
Now it fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was than,
That Johnie's wife had puddings to make,
And she boil'd them in a pan.

The wind swept cauld frae north to south,
And blew into the floor ;
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
Get up and bar the door.

My hand is in my husewife-cap,
Gudeman as ye may see ;
If it's no barr'd this hunder year,
It's no be barr'd by me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
A paction firm and sure,
Whoever spoke the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door.
Twa travellers had tint their gate,
As o'er the hills they foot,
And, airted by the line o' light,
Made straight to Johnie's door.

Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor ?
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.
And first they ate the white puddings,
And syne they ate the black :
O muckle thought our gudewife to hersel,
But ne'er a word she spake.

The young ane to the auld ane said,
Here, man, take ye my knife,
And gang and shave the gudeman's beard,
While I kiss the gudewife.
But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall I do than ?—
What ails ye at the pudding broo,
That's simmering in the pan ?

O, up then started our gudeman,
An angry man was he—
Will ye kiss my wife afore my face,
And scaud me wi' pudding bree !

An' up an' started our gudewife,
Gae three skips o'er the floor,
Gudeman, ye've spoke the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door.

[For this excellent old song we are indebted to Herd, who published it in his collection, 1769. Burns also preserved some verses of the same song, and sent them to Johnson's Musical Museum, 1792, from which the present copy is much amended.]

O MITHER DEAR, I 'GIN TO FEAR.

O mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
Though I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my sleep
I start and dream of Johnny.
When Johnny then comes down the glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with content gi' your consent,
For we twa ne'er can sinder.

Better to marry than miscarry;
For shame and skaith's the clink o't,
To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
I downa bide to think o't;
Sae while 'tis time I'll shun the crime,
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With haunches fow, and een sae blew,
To a' the bedrals binging.

Had Eppy's apron hidden down,
The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the word's gane through the town,
Alake how can she mend it

Now Tam maun face the minister,
And she maunt mount the pillar ;
And that's the way that they maun gae—
For poor folk hae nae siller.

Now haud yere tongue, my daughter dear,
Replied the kindly mither ;
Get Johnny's hand in haly band,
Syne wap yere wealth together.
I'm o' the mind if he be kind
Ye'll do your part discreetly,
And prove a wife, will gar his life
' And thine rin smooth' and sweetly.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724.]

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU ?

My Jeany and I have toil'd
The live-lang simmer-day,
Till we amaist were spoil'd
At making of the hay :
Her kurchy was of holland clear,
Tied on her bonny brow,
I whisper'd something in her ear—
But what's that to you.

Her stockings were of kersey green,
As tight as ony silk :
O sic a leg was never seen,
Her skin was white as milk :

Her hair was black as ane could wish,
And sweet, sweet was her mou,
Oh ! Jeany daintilie can kiss ;
But what's that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine,
To make my Jenny fair,
There is nae benison like mine,
I have amaist nae care ;
Only I fear my Jenny's face
May cause mae men to rue,
And that may gar me say, alas !
But what's that to you ?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
Hide that sweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys these looks divine.
O do not prostitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I with faithful heart shall swear
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enow,
And mony a concubine ;
But I enjoy a bliss mair true,
His joys were short of mine :
And Jeany's happier than they,
She seldom wants her due ;
All debts of love to her I pay,
And what's that to you ?

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724. It is an old song with additions by one of Ramsay's 'ingenious young gentlemen.']

AND SAE YE'VE TREATED ME.

And sae ye've treated me,
And sae ye've treated me ;
I'll never love anither man
Sae weel as I loved thee.
All the day I sigh,
And all the night I weep ;
And never shall I rest again
Save in a winding sheet.

And sae ye've treated me,
And sae ye've treated me ;
O monie monie loves ye'll get,
But nane who loves like me.
A woman's curse fa's sair,
A woman's curse ye'll dree—
The diel put on your winding-sheet
Three hours before ye die !

[Eight lines of this singular song I find in Mr. Sharpe's Ballad Book.
The others are by Allan Cunningham.]

ETTRICK BANKS.

On Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,
At gloaming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane :

My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fu' lang ;
My words they were na mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
To the highland hills, the Erse to learn ?
I'll gi'e thee baith a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomy Law ;
Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring :
And thus the weary night will en',
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the tress are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka fiel',
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my summer-shiel.
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
And gar the longest day seem short.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany.]

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMING.

O saw ye Johnnie coming, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie coming ;
O saw ye Johnnie coming, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie coming :
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie running, quo' she,
And his doggie running.

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him ;
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him ;
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel doin' ;
And a' the wark about the town
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Gaes wi' me when I see him.

O what will I do wi' him, ' hizzie,'
What will I do wi' him ?
He's ne'er a ' sark ' upon his back,
And I hae nane to gi'e him.
I hae twa ' sarks ' into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him ;
And for a merk of mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him ;
 For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him.
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him ;
 He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

[“ This is a very old and a very admirable song. Burns praises it for the genuine humour of the delineation : it is an unconscious humour, the humour of simplicity, always the richest and happiest.”
 —ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. First published by Herd in 1769.]

HEY, HOW MY JOHNNIE LAD.

Hey, how my Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been ;
 For gin ye're voice I had na kent,
 I'm sure I couldna trust my een :
 Sae weels ye might hae courted me,
 And sweetly touzled me bedeen :
 Hey, how my Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been.

My father, he was at the moor ;
 My mither, she was at the mill ;
 My brother, he was at the plough,
 And no ane near our sport to spill :

A lug to listen was na there,
And still less fear o' being seen :
Hey, how my Johnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been.

Wad ony lad who lo'ed me weel
Hae left me a' my liefu' lane,
To count the minutes as they crawled,
And think life's sweetest moments gane.
I wonder what was in ye're head,
I wonder what was in ye're een :
Hey, how my Johnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been.

But I shall seek some other lad,
Whose love is upmost in his mind ;
As gleg as light, wha has the sleight
O' kenning when he should be kind.
Then ye may woo wi' blinkin Bess—
For you nae mair I'll sigh and grean :
Hey, how my Johnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been.

[From Herd's Collection, 1776, with a few emendations by Mr. Cunningham.]

AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING.

An thou wert my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee ;
An thou wert my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee !

Of race divine thou need'st must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee :
For Heaven's sake, then, favour me,
Who only live to love thee !

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save :
Then, for their sake, support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
Till fate my thread of life has spun,
Which, breathing out, I'll love thee.

[These very beautiful verses were printed in the Tea Table Miscellany—they are old—but the additional stanzas are undoubtedly from the pen of Ramsay :

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upon thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in saft whispers thro' the night,
I'd tell how much I lov'd thee.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean !
She moves a goddess o'er the green !
Were I a king, thou should be queen,
Nane but mysel abune thee.

I'd clasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs should twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Times on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay ;
 Since love admits of nae delay,
 O let nae scorn undo thee.

While Love does at his altar stand,
 Hae there's my heart, gie me thy hand,
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command
 The will of him wha loves thee.

The whole song is attributed to Ramsay, the chorus does not mingle happily with the song.]

THE WINTER TIME IS PAST.

The winter time is past—
 Sunny summer's come at last ;
 The little birdies sing on ilka tree—
 The hearts of these are glad :
 But mine is mair than sad ;
 For my true love has parted frae me,

The bloom upon the breer,
 By the waters running clear,
 May have charms for the liunet and the bec—
 Their little loves are blest,
 And their little hearts at rest ;
 But my true love is parted frae me.

My love is like yon sun,
Whose bright course is begun,
And is constant for ever and true;
While his love's like the moon
That wanders up and down,
Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue.

Oh you that are in love!—
And may it not remove—
O, I pity the pangs that you endure :
Sad knowledge makes me know
That your hearts are full of woe—
A woe that no mortal can cure.

[From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. ii, 1788, with additions by Allan Cunningham, who supposes this tender little song to be the composition of a lady.]

SLIGHTED NANCIE.

'Tis I hae sev'n braw new gowns,
And ither sev'n to mak',
And yet for a' my new gowns
My wooer has turn'd his back.
Besides I hae sev'n milk-kye,
And Sandy he has but three;
And yet for a' my good kye
The laddie winna hae me.

My daddie's a delver o' dykes,
My mither can card and spin,
And I'm a fine fodgel lass,
And the siller comes linkin in.

The siller comes linkin in,
And its fu' fair to see ;
And fifty times wow, O wow !
What ails the lads at me ?

Whenever our Bawty does bark,
Then fast to the door I rin,
To see gin ony young spark
Will light and venture but in :
But never a ane will come in,
Tho' mony a ane gaes by ;
Syne far ben the house I rin,
And a waefu' wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
I pray'd but ance in the year ;
I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
And a lad wi' muckle gear.
When I was at my neist prayers,
I pray'd but now and than ;
I fash'd na my head about gear,
If I gat but a handsome young man.

But now when I'm at my last prayers,
I pray baith night and day,
And O ! if a beggar wad come,
With that same beggar I'd gae.
And O ! what will come o' me !
And O ! what will I do ?
That sic a braw lassie as I
Should die for a woo'er I trow !

[From the Tea Table Miscellany.]

LUCKY NANSY.

While fops in soft Italian verse,
Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
While sangs abound and scene is scarce,
These lines I have indited :

But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
The maidens are delited.

I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks ;
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, Phillis.

I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
My height of extasy to prove,
Nor sighing,—thus—present my love
With roses eke and lilies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had amaist forgot
My mistress and my sang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut I wot :
But Nansy, 'tis nae matter.

Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
And ken ye, that atones the crime ;
Forby, how sweet my numbers chime,
And slide away like water !
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonsy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy haff shut een and hodling air,
Are a' my passion's fuel.
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee ;
Yet thou hast charms anew for me,
Then smile, and be na cruel.
Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,
Dryest wood will eithest low,
And, Nansy, sae will ye now.

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nansy,
But if the warld my passion wrang,
And say, ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a sland'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.
Leeze me on thy, &c.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724. Burns thought the whole song was Ramsay's composition, save the chorus ; but Lord Woodhouselie told Mr. Cromek the Editor of Burns' Reliques, that he believed no part of it was Ramsay's ; " I have been informed," writes his Lordship, " by good authority, that the words were written by the Hon. Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session."

I am inclined to give the song to Ramsay. Duncan Forbes' right to the authorship of it is very doubtful, see vol. i. p. 122, where a song attributed to the Lord President is proved to have been published seventeen years before he was born.]

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

WILLIAM WALKINSHAW.

Willie was a wanton wag,
 The blithest lad that e'er I saw;
 At bridals still he bore the brag,
 And carry'd aye the gree awa:
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,
 And wow! but Willie he was braw,
 And at his shoulder hung a tag,
 That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw;
 And aye whatever Willie said,
 It was still hadden as a law.
 His boots they were made of the jag,
 When he went to the weapon-shaw,
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The fiend a ane among them a'.

And was not Willie well worth gowd?
 He wan the love of great and sma';
 For after he the bride had kiss'd,
 He kias'd the lasses hale-sale a'.
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
 When by the hand he led them a',
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing law.

And wasna Willie a great loon,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
When he danc'd with the lasses round,
The bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring ;
With bobbing, faith my shanks are sair :
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll aye be lag,
Unless, like Willie, ye advance ;
O ! Willie has a wanton leg ;
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost aye bears up the ring ;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

[Printed in the Tea Table Miscellany, with the letters W. W. after it. Tradition has given to a certain William Walkinshaw of Walkinshaw in Renfrewshire, the honour of writing this very admirable song.]

T W E E D S I D E.

LORD YESTER.

Born 1645—Died 1713.

When Peggy and I were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie ;
Nae lintwhite on a' the gay plain,
Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she.
I whistled, I pip'd and I sang ;
I woo'd but I cam' nae great speed :
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Peggy my love I did tell ;
My tears did my passion express :
Alas ! for I loved her o'er weel,
And the women love sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her pride had my ruin decreed ;
Therefore I maun wander awa',
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

The yellow hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
Cries, milk the ewes, lassie, let nane o' them gae :
And aye as she milked, she merrily sang,
The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
My ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in :
They winna bught in, altho' I should die ;
O yellow hair'd laddie come bught them for me.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben,
The cheese is to make and the butter's to kirn.
Tho' butter and cheese and a' should gang sour,
I'll crack and I'll kiss wi' my love ae half-hour.

The goodwife cried down the house, Jenny, my dow,
Thy half-hour is flown, and the ale is to brew.
Its ae lang half-hour, and we'll een mak it three,
For the yellow hair'd laddie my gudeman shall be.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1734. This song is in a very corrupt state, and the air is well worthy of first rate verses. 'The Yellow Hair'd Laddie' was a favourite with Ramsay, but he was not successful when he wrote words for it.]

THE TAILOR.

The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a',
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a';
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a'.

The lassie was sleepy and thought on nae ill ;
The weather was cauld and the lassie lay still ;
The ninth part of manhood may weel hae its will,
She kend that a tailor could do her nae ill.

The tailor grew drowsie, and thought in a dream
 How he caulked out his claith and he felled down his
 seam ;

A blink beyond midnight, before the cock craw,
 The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a'.

Come gie me my groat again, bonny young thing ;
 The sheets they are sma', and the blankets are thin ;
 The day it is short and the night it is long,
 It's the dearest siller that ever I wan.

The day it is come, and the night it is gane,
 And the bonnie young lassie sits sighing alane ;
 Since men they are scarce, it wad gie me nae pain
 To see the bit tailor come skipping again.

[Much of this song is old and much new. Some of Burns' strokes
 are about it.]

THE ROBIN CAME TO THE WREN'S NEST.

The robin came to the wren's nest,
 And keekit in, and keekit in.
 Now weels me on thine auld pow,
 Wad ye be in, wad ye be in ?
 Ye shall never bide without,
 And me within, and me within,
 Sae lang's I hae an auld clout
 To rowe ye in, to rowe ye in.

The robin came to the wren's nest,
 And gae a peep, and gae a peep—
 Now weels me on thee, cuttie quean,
 Are ye asleep, are ye asleep ?

The sparrow-hawk is in the air,
The corbie-craw is on the sweep ;
An' ye be wise, ye'll bide at hame,
And never cheep, and never cheep.

The robin came to the wren's nest,
And keekit in, and keekit in—
I saw ye thick wi' wee Tam-tit,
Ye cuttie quean, ye cuttie quean.
The ruddie feathers frae my breast
Thy nest hae lined, thy nest hae lined ;
Now wha will keep ye frae the blast,
And winter wind, and winter wind ?

IT'S GUDE TO BE MERRY AND WISE.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true ;
And afore ye're off wi' the auld love,
It's best to be on wi' the new.

I daut wi' young Jess o' the glen.
I woo wi' fair Bess o' the brae ;
I court wi' gay Meg o' the Mill,
And I wotna wha I will hae.

A man mayna marry but ane,
Though he may gaug courting wi twae ;
I've had fifteen loves in my time,
And fifteen more I may hae.

The black are maist loving and kind,
The brown they are sonsie and civil;
The red they may do in the dark,
And the white they may go to the devil.

The maids of our city are vain,
Proud, peevish, and pale i' the hue;
But the lass frae the grass and the gowans
Is sweet as a rose in the dew.

O, where the streams sing in the woods,
And the hill overlooketh the valley,
O there live the maidens for me,
As fair and fresh as the lily.

I've come to a gallant resolve,
I've said it, and sung it, and sworn,
I shall woo by the register book,
And begin wi' Peg Purdie the morn.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Jenny's a' wat poor lassie,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She's draggled a' her petticoat,
Coming through the rye.
Nae moon was shining in the lift,
And ne'er a body nigh;
What gaur'd ye weet yere petticoat,
Coming through the rye?

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the broom ;
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body gloom.
 Yestreen I met a cannie lad,
 A flowery bank was nigh,
 I lay a blink, and counted stars,
 And what the waur am I.

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need the parish ken.
 I loe a bonnie lad o'er weel
 To let him wail and sigh ;
 A kiss is aye a kindlie thing,
 And what the waur am I.

[An amended copy of an old song, with innumerable variations.
 The above version is from Allan Cunningham's Songs of Scotland ;—
 some of the improvements are by Burns.]

MY LOVER HAS LEFT ME.

My lover has left me,
 Wot ye the cause why ?
 He has gowd, he has mailens—
 No mailens have I ;
 But whether I win him,
 Or wear him, or no,
 I can give a sigh for him,
 And e'en let him go.

His flocks may all perish,
His gowd may all flee,
Then his new love will leave him
As he has left me.
O, meeting is pleasure,
And parting is grief;
But a faithless lover
Is worse than a thief.

A thief will but rob me,
Take all that I have,
But a faithless lover
Brings aye to their grave:
The grave it will rot me,
And bring me to dust—
O! an inconstant lover
May woman ne'er trust!

[From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. ii. 1788. This is an amended copy from Johnson's, which Dr. Blacklock furnished in a very incomplete state.]

OUR GUDEMAN CAME HAME AT E'EN.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he saw a saddle-horse,
Where nae horse should be:
And how came this horse here,
How can this be?
How came this horse here
Without the leave o' me?
A horse! quo' she,—aye, a horse, quo' he.

Ye auld blind dotard bodie,
And blinder may ye be,
'Tis but a bonnie milk-cow
My mither sent to me.
A milk-cow! quo' he,—aye, a milk-cow, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But a saddle on a milk-cow
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And he spied a pair of jack-boots
Where nae boots should be :
What's this now, gudewife,
What's this I see?
How came thae boots here
Without the leave o' me?
Boots! quo' she,—aye, boots! quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carle,
And waur may ye see,
It's but a pair o' water stoups
My minnie sent to me.
Milking-pails? quo' he,—aye, milking-pails! quo'
she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But siller spurs on milking-pails
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he saw a siller sword
Where nae sword should be :

What's this now, gudewife,
What's this I see?
O how came this sword here
Without the leave o' me?
A sword! quo' she,—aye, a sword! quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carle,
And blinder may ye see,
It's but a porridge spurtle
My mither sent to me.
A spurtle! quo' he,—aye, a spurtle! quo' she.
Far hae I ridden, love,
And meikle hae I seen,
But silver hilted spurtles
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he spied a powdered wig
Where nae wig should be:
What's this now, gudewife,
What's this I see?
How came this wig here
Without the leave o' me?
A wig! quo' she,—aye, a wig! quo' he.
Shame fa' yere cuckold face,
And waur may ye see,
'Tis naething but a clocking-hen
My mither sent to me.
A clocking-hen! quo' he,—aye, a clocking-hen!
quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But powder on a clocking-hen
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he saw a meikle coat
Where nae coat should be:
And how came this coat here,
How can this be?
O how came this coat here
Without the leave o' me?
A coat! quo' she,—aye, a coat! quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard bodie,
And blinder may ye be;
It's but a pair o'blankets
My mither sent to me.
Blankets! quo' he,—aye, blankets! quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen;
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never nane.

Ben gaed our gudeman,
And ben gaed he:
And there he spied a sturdy man
Where nae man should be.
How came this man here?
How can this be?
How came this man here
Without the leave o' me?
A man! quo' she,—aye, a man! quo' he.
Ye silly blind bodie,
And blinder may ye be;
It's but a new milkin maid
My mither sent to me.
A maid! quo' he,—aye, a maid! quo' she.

Far hae I ridden, love,
And meikle hae I seen ;
But long-bearded maidens
Saw I never nane.

[From Herd's Collection, 1776.]

HOW CAN I BE BLITHE.

How can I be blithe and glad,
Or in my mind contented be,
When the bonnie lad whom I love best
Is banish'd frae my companie ?
Though he be banished for my sake,
His true-love shall I still remain ;
O that I was, and I wish I was,
With thee, my own true-love again !

I dare but wish for thee, my love,
My thoughts I may not, dare not speak ;
My maidens wonder why I sigh,
And why the bloom dies on my cheek.
If thoughts of thee be sin in me,
O, deep am I in shame and sin ;
O that I was, and I wish I was,
In the chamber where my love's in !

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie-o,
For they mind me of my dear Johnie-o.
 How happy am I,
 When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie-o !

'Tis a soldier alone can delight me-o,
For his graceful looks do invite me-o :
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me-o.

My love is a handsome laddie-o,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudie-o :
 Though commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year ;
For he shall serve no longer a cadie-o.

A soldier has honour and bravery-o,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery-o ;
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or his king ;
For every other care is but slavery-o.

Then I'll be the captain's lady-o ;
Farewell all my friends and my daddy-o ;
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready-o.

Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie-o,
They are sprightly like my dear Johnie-o :
How happy shall I be
When on my soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his Annie-o !

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724.]

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey ! maun I still live pining
Mysel thus away, and daurna discover
To my bonny Hay that I am her lover !

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger ;
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer :
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
Maybe, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-morrow ;
The swaird of the mead, enamell'd wi' daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead when twinn'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invites her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter ;
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb wi' amaze, my mind is confounded ;
I'm a' in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye,
For a' my desire is Hay's bonnie lassie.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724. It is said to be by Ramsay.]

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Born 1686.—Died 1787.

The lass of Patie's mill,
Sae bonnie blithe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When tedding out the hay,
Bareheaded on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth ;
Breasts rising in their dawn ;
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his han'.
Through all my spirits ran
An ecstasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 Her sweets she did impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd;—
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I a' the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'd promise, and fulfil,
 That none but bonnie she,
 The lass of Patie's mill,
 Should share the same with me.

[Sir William Cunningham, of Robertland, informed Burns on the authority of the Earl of Loudon, that Ramsay was struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl, at a place called Patie's Mill, near New-mills; and under the influence of her charms composed the above song. Published for the first time in the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724.]

THE BRAES OF BRANKSOME.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

As I came in by Teviot-side,
 And by the braes of Branksome,
 There first I saw my bonny bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome;

Her skin was safter than the down,
And white as alabaster;
Her hair a shining wavy brown;
In straightness nane surpass'd her;
Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were surprising,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breasts just rising:
Nae silken hose, with gooshets fine,
Or shoon with glancing laces,
On her bare leg, forbade to shine
Well shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was sum of a' her claithing;
Even thae's o'er meikle; mair delyte
She'd given cled wj' naithing:
She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burnie trotted;
On her I glowr'd my soul away,
While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artless struck my heart,
And, but designing, charm'd me.
Hurried by love, close to my breast
I grasp'd this fund of blisses,
Who smil'd, and said, without a priest,
Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I cou'dna want her;
What she demanded, ilka charm
Of her's pled, I shou'd grant her.

Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighting her my faith and trouth,
And a young lady made her.

[First appeared under the name of "The Generous Gentleman," in Allan Ramsay's collection, accompanied by instructions to sing it to the tune of "The Bonnie Lass of Branksome."]

LASS WITH A LUMP OF LAND.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang thegither,
Though daft or wise, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair, it makesna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is na worth a shilling;
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, though bonny, to meddle,
Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
They'ae never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection:
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles, and riggs, and muirs and meadows,
And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have mony a day been:
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And not for the dangers attending on weir;
Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more!

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind:
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd,
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd:
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And, if I should chance to come glorious hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany.]

MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

My Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay.
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet well I like to meet her at
 The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight,
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play ;
By a' the rest it is confess'd,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence the wale of sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

[From the Gentle Shepherd.]

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my jo ?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wish'd a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town a while?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gaun to smile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Bends his morning-draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow;
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog:
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upon the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, saft, and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1734. From the second stanza of this song, Percy undoubtedly got the hint of his beautiful ballad:

O Nancy wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town.

See Vol. I. p. 211.]

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny lassies,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap;
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty;
With ilka grace she can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds' glances;
She's aye sae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco sair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :
 Wae's me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

[See the beautiful old verses on which Ramsay founded this song,
 ante p. 36. From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1734.]

GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,
 Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae ;
 But if ye meet a dorty hizzie,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
 Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay you twafald o'er a rung.
 Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time ;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.
 Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook !
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersel' in some dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen nae-says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss :
Frae her fair finger whup a ring
As taiken of a future bliss.
These bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are a' o' heaven's indulgent grant
Then surly carles whisht, forbear
To plague us wi' your whining cant.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1734. It is in parts a very elegant and very happy imitation of the ninth ode of the first book of Horace. Lord Woodhouselee has called it one of the happiest efforts of Ramsay's genius.]

THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The collier has a daughter,
And O she's wondrous bonny ;
A laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in lands and money :

The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honest lover ;
But love is like the ocean—
Wha can its depth discover !

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected ;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel but unaffected.
The collier's bonnie lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lily,
Aye sweet, and never saucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession ;
His life was dull without her.
After mature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her ;
In softest flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her :

My bonnie collier's daughter,
Let naething discompose ye,
'Tis no your scanty tocher
Shall ever gar me lose ye :
For I have gear in plenty,
And love says, 'tis my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me,
Upon your wit and beauty.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724—they are modelled from a copy of old verses, for which, see Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, vol. iii. p. 75, and Cromek's Select Songs, vol. i. p. 60.]

BONNIE CHIRSTY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

How sweetly smells the simmer green !
Sweet taste the peach and cherry :
Painting and order please our e'en,
And claret makes us merry :
But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, though I be thirsty,
Lose a' their charms, and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Chirsty.

When wandering o'er the flowery park,
No natural beauty wanting,
How lightsome 'tis to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting !
But if my Chirsty tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration ;
My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And often mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman ;
But dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother ;
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
His Chirsty did o'erhear him ;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But ere he wist drew near him.
She spake her favour by a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her :
He wisely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Chirsty !—witness, bonnie stream,
Sic joy frae tears arising !
I wish this may na be a dream
O love the most surprising !
Time was too precious now for tauk ;
This point of a' his wishes
He wadna wi' set speeches bauk,
But wared it a' on kisses.

[Ramsay commences the Tea Table Miscellany with this song.]

CORN-RIGGS ARE BONNY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
' His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size ;
He's stately in his walking ;
The shining of his een surprise ;
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing ;
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony ;
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 O corn-riggs are bonny !

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastely should be granting ;
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

[From The Gentle Shepherd. " This is a very unequal song." Burns wrote to George Thomson. " ' His mind is never muddy ' is a muddy expression indeed."]

NOW PHŒBUS ADVANCES ON HIGH.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Now Phœbus advances on high,
 Nae footsteps of winter are seen,
 The birds carol sweet in the sky,
 And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Through plantings, and burnies sae clear,
We wander for pleasure and health,
Where buddings and blossoms appear,
With prospects of joy and of wealth.

Go view the gay scenes all around,
That are, and that promise to be ;
Yet in them a' naething is found
Sae perfect, Eliza, as thee.
Thy een the clear fountains excel,
Thy locks they outrival the grove ;
When zephyrs thus pleasingly swell,
Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lilies combin'd,
And flowers of maist delicate hue,
By thy cheek and dear breasts are outshin'd,
Their tinctures are naething sae true.
What can we compare with thy voice,
And what with thy humour sae sweet ?
Nae music can bless with sic joys ;
Sure angels are just sae complete.

Fair blossom of ilka delight,
Whose beauties ten thousand outshine ;
Thy sweet shall be lasting and bright,
Being mix'd with sae many divine.
Ye powers, who have given sic charms
To Eliza, your image below,
O save her frae all human harms !
And make her hours happily flow.

[From the Gentle Shepherd.]

AT SETTING DAY.

ALLAN RAMSAY

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain ;
Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

[From the Gentle Shepherd.]

TO FORTUNE.

JAMES THOMSON.

Born 1700—Died 1748.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part.

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away ;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the love of life is gone ?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.

For pomp and noise, and senseless show,
To make us Nature's joys forego,
Beneath a gay dominion groan,
And put the golden fetter on !

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care ;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

[First published in the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1725, attached to the tune of Logan water.

" 'For ever, Fortune wilt thou prove,' is a charming song.—
BUANS.]

TO AMANDA.

JAMES THOMSON.

Unless with my Amanda bless'd,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower ;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing ;
In vain the freshening fields appear .
Without my love there is no spring.

TO AMANDA.

JAMES THOMSON.

Come, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly ;
Behold ! the wintry storms are gone ;
A gentle radiance glads the sky.

The birds awake, the flowers appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;
'Tis joy and music all we hear,
'Tis love and beauty all we see.

Come let us mark the gradual spring,
 How peeps the bud, the blossom blows;
 Till Philomel begins to sing,
 And perfect May to swell the rose.

E'en so thy rising charms improve,
 As life's warm season grows more bright;
 And opening to the sighs of love,
 Thy beauties glow with full delight.

[This song was first printed in the Aldine Edition of Thomson's Poems, 2 vol. 1830. William Henry, the present Lord Lyttelton obligingly sent it to the Editor, in Thomson's hand writing.]

COME GENTLE GOD.

JAMES THOMSON.

Come, gentle god of soft desire,
 Come and possess my happy breast,
 Not fury-like in flames and fire,
 Or frantic folly's wildness drest;

But come in friendship's angel-guise;
 Yet dearer thou than friendship art,
 More tender-spirit in thy eyes,
 More sweet emotions at thy heart.

O come with goodness in thy train,
 With peace and pleasure void of storm,
 And would'st thou me for ever gain,
 Put on Amanda's winning form.

THE LOVER'S FATE.

JAMES THOMSON.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh ! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh ! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green ;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh ! tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind ;
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
Is, as her spotless soul, refined.

Not her own guardian-angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own thoughts in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

TO MYRA.

JAMES THOMSON.

O thou, whose tender serious eyes
Expressive speak the mind I love ;
The gentle azure of the skies,
The pensive shadows of the grove :

O mix their beauteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts ;
Let all their sweetness on me shine,
Pour'd thro' my soul be all their darts.

Ah ! 'tis too much ! I cannot bear
At once so soft so keen a ray :
In pity then, my lovely fair,
O turn those killing eyes away

But what avails it to conceal
One charm, where nought but charms I see ?
Their lustre then again reveal,
And let me, Myra, die of thee

CONTENTMENT.

JAMES THOMSON.

If thou, who live in shepherd's bower,
Press not the rich and stately bed ;
The new-mown hay and breathing flower
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those, who sit at shepherd's board,
Soothe not their taste by wanton art;
They take what Nature's gift afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
No high and sparkling wines can boast,
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Gay dancing on the daisied ground,
Have not the splendour of a court;
Yet love adorns the merry round.

RULE BRITANNIA!

JAMES THOMSON.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
 'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves.'

The nations, not so bless'd as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

These haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame :
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame ;
But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main :
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair :
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair :
 ' Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves !'

[Published in the Masque of Alfred, by James Thomson and David Mallet.

" The song of Rule Britannia will be the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power."—SOUTHEY.]

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

When summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves ;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my loved song is then the broom
So fair on Cowden-knowes ;
For sure, so sweet, so soft a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tuned his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart ;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader haughs, and Leader side—
Oh ! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowden-knowes ;
For sure, so fresh, so bright a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare ;
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden-knowes,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At e'en, amang the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed or Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my loved Cowden-knowes.

[Burns was the first to introduce the name of William Crawford into the list of song-writers from the information of Tytler, the friend of Allan Ramsay. Crawford was one of the "ingenious young gentlemen" that encouraged Ramsay in his *Tea Table Miscellany*, and "obliged the lovers of sense and music with some of the best songs in the Collection;" all the works of Crawford are found in Ramsay's anonymous publication.

We gather from a letter of Hamilton's to Lord Kames, that Crawford's other name was William, 'Will' the brother poet affectionately calls him. Burns was told that his name was Robert, and adds he was of the family of Achinames, and was unfortunately drowned coming from France; but Burns was not aware of Hamilton's letter which sets the matter at rest.

The Cowden-knowes so celebrated in song and ballad are near Melrose on the river Leader.]

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burn-side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride:

Her cheeks were rosy, red, and white,
Her een were bonny blue ;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said !
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd ;
Till baith at length impatient grown
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;—
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And naething sure unmeet ;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a walk sae sweet ;
And that they aften shou'd return
Sic pleasure to renew.
Quoth Mary, love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724. Burns very unsuccessfully tried to diminish the warmth of this tender song.]

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas ! she ne'er believes me.

My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her ;
At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to soothe my amorous flame
In words that I thought tender ;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented ;
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll aye remember ;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724. "The bush aboon Traquair was a small grove of birches that formerly adorned the west bank of

the Quair Water in Peebles-shire, about a mile from Traquair House, the seat of the Earl of Traquair. But only a few spectral-looking remains now denote the spot so long celebrated in the popular poetry of Scotland."—CHAMBERS.

"Another beautiful song of Crawford's."—BURNS.]

TWEEDSIDE.

William

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

What beauties does Flora disclose !
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose, '
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring ;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare ;
Love's graces around her do dwell ;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
Shall I seek them on smooth-winding Tay
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

[" A beautiful song."—BURNS. " A song overflowing with gentleness and beauty."—CUNNINGHAM.
From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724.]

ON MRS. A. H. AT A CONCERT.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
Hamilla ! heavenly charmer ;
See how with all their arts and wiles
The Loves and Graces arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair seats of youthful pleasures ;
There love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,
I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee ;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

[This is the second song which Crawford wrote for Ramsay's collection : the heroine was a Miss Ann Hamilton.]

SWEET SUSAN.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

The morn was fair, saft was the air,
All nature's sweets were springing ;
The buds did bow with silver dew,
Ten thousand birds were singing :
When on the bent, with blithe content,
Young Jamie sang his marrow,
Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass,
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
In heavenly beauty's planted ;
Her smiling een, and comely mien
That nae perfection wanted.

I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bless my bonny marrow;
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share
Of every charm enchanting,
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny lass! have but the grace
To think, e'er ye gae further,
Your joys maun flit, if ye commit
The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
And night and day affright ye;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind
I'll study to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joys shall borrow;
Thus none shall be more bless'd than we
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this best of blisses.
Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom:
But if thou shine, and make me thine
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724. Tradition alone has given
this song to Crawford.]

MY DEARIE IF THOU DIE.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fixed on thee,
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me,
Without thee I can never live,
My dearie if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray :
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs, the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see ;
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage ;
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this, that like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me ;
And when its destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share;
 You who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair:
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me!
 Oh! never rob them from these arms—
 I'm lost if Peggy die.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1794.]

MY LOVE ANNIE'S VERY BONNIE.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

What numbers shall the Muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my Annie?
 On her ten thousand graces wait,
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonnie.
 Since first she trod the happy plain
 She sets each youthful heart on fire;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain
 That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming Annie,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the amorous youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie ;
His rising sighs express his flame,
His words were few, his wishes many.
With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye ?
Alas ! your love must be deny'd,
This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
He stole away my virgin heart ;
Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find ;
On yonder plain the nymphs are many :
Then choose some heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724.]

AH THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Born 1704—Died 1754.

Ah the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.

Yet eager looks and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover ;
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak,
A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
So fatally beguiling !
The every look and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee ;
'Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee :
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

[William Hamilton, of Bangour, in Ayrshire, was another of the "Ingenious Young Gentlemen," assisting Ramsay in the *Tea Table Miscellany*. When that curious and valuable collection of songs first appeared, Hamilton was only in his twentieth year.

The above tender and elegant lyric, cannot be too much admired; Dr. Johnson, on account of the rhymes "wishes" and "blushes," condemned it, and would read no further. His judgment has been here of little weight—it is still considered one of our most beautiful and pathetic songs, and will continue to be so while true feeling can be distinguished from bombast and affectation.]

YE SHEPHERDS OF THIS PLEASANT VALE.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,
Where Yarrow streams along,
Forsake your rural toils and join
In my triumphant song.
She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,
These suffering days are o'er,
Love satiates now his boundless wish
From beauty's boundless store;
No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears
This rising calm destroy,
Now every prospect smiles around
All opening into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone
That dear consenting hour,
Brightened each hill and o'er each vale
New colour'd every flower.
The gales their gentle sighs withheld,
No leaf was seen to move
The hovering songsters round were mute,
And wonder hush'd the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound
The lambkins tender cry,
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In dimpling silence by ;
All nature seem'd in still repose
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently roll'd the tuneful wave
She spoke and bless'd my ear.

' Take, take, whate'er of bliss or joy
You fondly fancy mine,
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast
Love renders wholly thine.'
The words struck up, to the soft gale
The leaves were seen to move,
The feather'd choir resum'd their voice
And wonder fill'd the grove.

The hills and dales again resound
The lambkins tender cry,
With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd
The song of triumph by :
Above, beneath, all round, all on
Was verdure, beauty, song ;
I snatch'd her to my trembling breast
All nature joy'd along.

WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD?

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
That beauteous heav'n, erewhile serene?
Whence do these storms and tempests flow,
What may this gust of passion mean?
And must then mankind lose that light
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And lie obscure in endless night,
For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear maid, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledged, at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends:
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, every heart t' ensnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas, with unusual care,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who must not resign the field
To thee, celestial maid, secure
With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
Since we must sin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself appeas'd bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

STREPHON'S PICTURE.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Ye gods ! was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast ?
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh, gently throb—too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd ?
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Did thou prefer his wand'ring shade ?

And thou, bless'd shade, that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing ! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
Ingrossing all that beauteous heav'n,
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee : were I lord
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks, that lifeless are ;
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire.

Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid !
To life can bring the silent shade :
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But oh ! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever loved, and loved but thee :
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
Say thou canst love, and make me blest

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxweltown banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew !
Where I and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true ;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

She's backet like a peacock,
She's breasted like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist you weel may span :

Her waist you weel may span,
And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

["Sir Robert Laurie, first Baronet of the Marwelton family (created 27th March, 1685), by his second wife, a daughter of Riddell of Minto, had three sons and four daughters, of whom Anne was much celebrated for her beauty, and made a conquest of Mr. Douglas of Fingland, who is said to have composed these verses under an unlucky star, for the lady married Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch."
—C. K. SHARPE.]

HAME NEVER CAME HE.

Saddled and bridled,
And booted, rode he,
A plume in his helmet,
A sword at his knee;
But toom came the saddle,
All bloody to see,
And hame came his steed,
But hame never came he.

Down came his grey father,
Sobbing fu' sair;
Down came his auld mother,
Tearing her hair.
Down came his sweet wife,
Wi' bonnie bairns three,
Ane at her bosom,
And twa at her knee.

There stood his fleet steed,
 All foaming and hot ;
 There shriek'd his sweet wife,
 And sank on the spot.
 There stood his gray father,
 Weeping fu' free,
 For hame came his steed,
 But hame never came he,

[Eight lines of this song may be found in Finlay's collection of ballads. My friend Mr. Yellowlees had the kindness to communicate two old and clever verses : one gives a name to the unfortunate hero.

High upon highlands,
 And low upon Tay,
 Bonnie George Campbell
 Rode out on a day.

The other contains a very moving image of domestic desolation :

My meadow lies green,
 And my corn is unshorn ;
 My barn is to build,
 And my babe is unborn.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

THE BRUME O' THE COWDENKNOWES.

How blyth, ilk morn, was I to see
 My swain come ower the hill !
 He skipt the burn and flew to me :
 I met him with good will.
 Oh, the brume, the bonnie, bonnie brume !
 The brume o' the Cowdenknowes !
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my yowes.

I wanted neither yowe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay ;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.

He tuned his pipe, and play'd sae sweet,
The birds sat listening bye ;
E'en the dull cattle stood and gazed,
Charm'd with the melodye.

While thus we spent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though e'er so rich or gay.

Hard fate, that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I loved the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.

He did oblige me every hour ;
Could I but faithful be ?
He stawe my heart ; could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidie, brooch, and crookit stick,
May now lie useless by.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu !
Fareweel, a' pleasures there !
Ye gods, restore me to my swain—
Is a' I crave or care.

Oh, the brume, the bonnie, bonnie brume !
The brume o' the Cowdenknowes !
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my yowes !

[“ This simple, delightful, and truly pastoral song, which may be set forward as the best specimen that can be given of that native poetry on which Scotland prides herself so much, appeared first in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1724; not as an anonymous and indefinitely antique composition, but with the signature S. R.; which seems to indicate the name of some author alive in Ramsay’s time, but who, being probably a gentleman or lady under the restraints of society, desired to remain unknown.”—CHAMBERS.]

“ What a thrill of pleasure did I feel when I first saw the broom-covered tops of the Cowdenknowes peeping above the grey hills of the Tweed; and what touching associations were called up by the sight of Ettrick Vale, Gala Water, and the Braes of Yarrow.—WASHINGTON IRVING.]

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

DAVID MALLET.

Born 1714.—Died 1766.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear ;
At this, thy living bloom will fade,
As that will nip the vernal shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more ;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The laverock now and lintwhite sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring ;
The mavis and the blackbird gay
In tuneful strains now glad the day ;
The woods now wear their summer-suits ;
To mirth all nature now invites :
Let us be blythsome then and gay
Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams ;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice :
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters as they fall
Loudly my love to gladness call ;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams ;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance :
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.

[The two first stanzas alone of this song are by Mallet ; the others are the composition of a Dr. Bryce, of Kirknewton, and are very beautiful.

" Invermay," says Robert Chambers, " is a small woody glen, watered by the rivulet May, which there joins the river Earn. It is about five miles above the bridge of Earn, and nearly nine from Perth."]

AS SYLVIA IN A FOREST LAY.

DAVID MALLET.

As Sylvia in a forest lay,
To vent her woe alone ;
Her swain Sylvander came that way,
And heard her dying moan :
Ah ! is my love, she said, to you
So worthless and so vain ?
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain ?

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
Ere you'd forget your love ;
In shades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you swore ?
But ah ! it seems they most deceive
Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind :
Alas ! I see it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.

For you, delighted I could die :
But oh ! with grief I'm filled,
To think that credulous, constant, I
Should by yourself be kill'd.

This said—all breathless, sick and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.
Sylvander then began to melt :
But ere the word was given,
The heavy hand of death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1729.]

WHERE THAMES ALONG THE DAISIED MEADS.

DAVID MALLET.

Where Thames, along the daisied meads,
His wave in lucid mazes leads,
Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
Wealth on either shore bestowing,
There in safe though small retreat
Content and Love have fixed their seat ;
Love that counts his duty pleasure,
Content, that hugs and knows his treasure.
From Art, from jealousy, secure,
As faith unblamed, as friendship pure,
Vain opinion nobly scorning,
Virtue aiding, life adorning ;

Fair Thames along thy flowery side
May those whom truth and reason guide,
All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, beloved and loving!

[In a copy of Gascoigne's Works sold the other day at Mr. Heber's Sale, was found the following MS. note by the cynical George Steevens: "This volume of Gascoigne's Works was bought for £1. 13. at Mr. Mallet's, alias Mallock's, alias M'Gregor's Sale, March 14, 1776. He was the only Scotchman who died in my memory unlamented by an individual of his own nation."]

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

CHARLES LORD BINNING.

Died 1732.

Did ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay,
Or linger when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day ?
Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,
If Robin in his barn had hay ?
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two ;
And I her lambs did safely keep
Within my folds in frost and snow :
Have they not there from cold been free ?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill ;
Full as they were, I brought them home :
Her corn I carried to the mill ;
My back did bear the sack, but she
Will never bear a sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best ;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peas at least.
Her little pigeons kiss, but she
Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown ?
Alas ! poor wretch ! what shall I do,
If Nanny does not love me soon !
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.

[Many writers have laughed at this song, for my part I wish there were a few more of the same kind and the same merit.]

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

LADY GRISSEL BAILLIE.

Died 1746.

There was ance a May, and she loe'd nae men,
She biggit her bonnie bower down in yon glen ;
But now she cries dool and weel-a-day,
Come down the green gate, and come here away.

When bonnie young Johnie came over the sea,
He vow'd he saw naething sae lovely as me ;
He gae me gowd rings, and mony braw things—
And were na my heart light I wad die.

His wee wilfu' tittie she loved na me ;
I was taller, and twice as bonnie as she ;
She raised sic a pother 'tween him and his mother,
That were na my heart light I wad die.

The day it was set for the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam and lay down to die ;
She main'd and she grain'd, wi' fause dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd that he never would see me again.

His kindred sought ane of a higher degree—
Said, Wad he wed ane that was landless, like me ?
Albeit I was bonnie, I was nae worth Johnie—
And were na my heart light I wad die.

They said I had neither a cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink coming through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal running frae the mill ee—
And were na my heart light I wad die.

My lover he met me ance on the lea,
His tittie was wi' him, and hame ran she ;
His mither came out wi' a shriek and a shout—
And were na my heart light I wad die. ●

His bonnet stood then fu' fair on his brow—
His auld ane look'd better than mony ane's new ;
But now he lets't wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn bing.

And now he gaes daunering about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hound the tykes ;
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his ee—
And were na my heart light I wad die.

O were we young now as we ance hae been,
We should hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it o'er the lily-white lea—
And were na my heart light I wad die.

[“ To Lady Grissel Baillie, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, we owe this popular song. It is very original, very characteristic, and very unequal.”—CUNNINGHAM.

From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724.]

TIBBIE FOWLER.

Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,
There's o'er mony wooing at her ;
Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,
There's o'er mony wooing at her
Wooing at her, puin at her,
Courtin her, and canna get her ;
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooing at her.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west,
Ten cam rowin o'er the water ;
Twa cam down the lang dyke-side :
There's twa-and-thirty wooing at her.

There's seven but and seven ben,
Seven in the pantry wi' her,
Twenty head about the door :
There's ane-and-forty wooing at her.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
Cockle-shells wad set her better !
High-heel'd shoon and siller tags,
And a' the lads are wooing at her.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
Gin she hae the name o' siller,
Set her upon Tintock tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
An' she want the penny siller,
A fie may fell her in the air
Before a man be even'd till her.

[The name of this admirable song is mentioned in the Tea Table Miscellany; the Tibbie Fowler given above, is of a modern date, but it is not unlikely that some stray verses of the old lyric assisted the author in framing this very characteristic and graphic song. A Rev. Dr. Strachan, minister of Carnwath, has been mentioned as the author, "but in Scotland," says Mr. Cunningham, "every thing above the mark of a common capacity is attributed to the minister of the parish."]

WHEN SAPPHO STRUCK THE QUIVERING WIRE.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

Born 1730—Died 1771.

When Sappho struck the quivering wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire :
And when she rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away !
But had the nymph possessed with these
Thy softer, chaster power to please ;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth ;
The worm of grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken love-sick maid :
Nor had she mourn'd a hapless flame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

While with fond rapture and amaze
On thy transcendant charms I gaze,
My cautious soul essays in vain
Her peace and freedom to maintain :
Yet let that blooming form divine,
When grace and harmony combine,
Those eyes, like genial orbs, that move
Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
In all their pomp assail my view,
Intent my bosom to subdue ;
My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,
Not all those charms shall force to yield.

But when invok'd to beauty's aid,
I see th' enlightened soul display'd ;
That soul so sensibly sedate
Amid the storms of froward fate !
Thy genius active, strong and clear,
Thy wit sublime, tho' not severe,
Thy social ardour, void of art,
That glows within thy candid heart ;
My spirits, sense, and strength decay,
My resolution dies away,
And every faculty opprest,
Almighty Love invades my breast.

BLUE-EYED ANNE.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

When the rough north forgets to howl,
And ocean's billows cease to roll;
When Lybian sands are bound in frost,
And cold to Nova Zembla's lost!
When heav'nly bodies cease to move,
My blue-eyed Anne I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn;
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn;
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring,
Nor parching heats the dog-star bring;
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-eyed Anne I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found;
Nor pleasures dance their frolic round;
Nor love's light god inhabit earth;
Nor beauty give the passion birth;
Nor heat to summer-sunshine cleave
When blue-eyed Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
Inconstancy forgets to range;
When lavish May no more shall bloom;
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
When Nature from her sphere shall start,
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

[These tender verses were probably addressed to Miss Anne Lascelles, whom Smollett met with in the West Indies, and afterwards married. She survived the poet, and from her slender means erected a handsome monument to his memory in the burying ground at Leghorn.

One of the great causes of Smollett's death, is said to have been grief for the loss of his daughter and only child, who was taken from him in her fifteenth year. From an epistle of Armstrong's addressed to John Wilkes, in 1760, we gather that this "opening rosebud" was not only growing in beauty, but growing in grace, when she was snatched away from him.

With you at Chelsea, oft I may behold
The hopeful bud of sense her bloom unfold.]

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROWE.

As I came down the Canno'gate
The Canno'gate, the Canno'gate,
As I came down the Canno'gate,
I heard a lassie sing, O;
Merry may the keel rowe,
The keel rowe, the keel rowe,
Merry may the keel rowe,
The ship that my love's in, O!

My love has breath o' roses,
O' roses, o' roses,
Wi' arms o' lillie posies,
To fauld a lassie in O.
Merry may the keel rowe,
The keel rowe, the keel rowe,
Merry may the keel rowe,
The ship that my love's in, O!

My love he wears a bonnet,
 A bonnet, a bonnet,
 A snawy rose upon it,
 A dimple on his chin, O.
 Merry may the keel rowe,
 The keel rowe, the keel rowe,
 Merry may the keel rowe,
 The ship that my love's in, O!

[From Crome's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song." 8vo. 1810. "It has," says Mr. Crome, "the Jacobitical rose growing among its love sentiments."]

Mr. Cunningham in the Songs of Scotland, gave a different copy of this Jacobitical song :—

As I came down through Cannobie,
 Through Cannobie, through Cannobie,
 The summer sun had shut his ee,
 And loud a lass did sing-o :
 Ye westlin winds, all gently blow,—
 Ye seas, soft as my wishes flow,—
 And merry may the shallop rowe
 That my true love sails in-o !

My love has breath like roses sweet,
 Like roses sweet, like roses sweet,
 And arms like lillies dipt in weat,
 To fold a maiden in-o.
 There's not a wave that swells the sea,
 But bears a prayer and wish frae me ;—
 O soon may I my truelove see,
 Wi' his bauld bands again-o.

My lover wears a bonnet blue,
 A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue ;
 A rose so white, a heart so true,
 Wi' dimple on his chin-o.
 He bears a blade his foes have felt,
 And nobles at his nod have knelt :
 My heart will break as well as melt,
 Should he ne'er come again-o.]

I HAE NAE KITH, I HAE NAE KIN.

I hae nae kith, I hae nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me,
For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
He's far ayont the sea :
He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,
And we may rue the day
When our king's daughter came here
To play sic foul play.

O, gin I were a bonny bird,
Wi' wings that I might flee,
Then I wad travel o'er the main,
My ae true love to see ;
Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale
To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window,
And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
Aneath the corbie's wame ;
And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood
Shall blaw our good king hame.
Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And ane I darena name.

[“ This is a very sweet and curious little old song, but not very easily understood. The air is exceedingly simple, and the verses highly characteristic of the lyrical songs of Scotland.”—Hogg.]

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,
Kenmure's on and awa ;
And Kenmure's lord is the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
Success to Kenmure's band ;
There's no a heart that fears a Whig
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O, Kenmure's lads are men ;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.
They'll live and die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live and die wi' fame ;
And soon wi' sound of victory
May Kenmure's lads come hame.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
Here's Kenmure's health in wine ;
There ne'er was a coward of Kenmure's blood,
Nor yet of Gordon's line.
His lady's cheek grew red, Willie,
Syne white as sifted snaw :
There rides my lord, a Gordon gude,
The flower of Gallowa.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
A bright sword in his hand—
A hundred Gordons at his side,
And hey for English land !

Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
Here's him that's far awa ;
And here's the flower that I love best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

[Much of this song is as old as the time it relates to. There are some happy touches by Burns in it, and also by Mr. Cunningham.]

CARLE, AN THE KING COME.

Carle, an the king come—
Carle, an the king come,
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
Carle, an the king come.
An somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main ;
And ev'ry man shall hae his ain,
Carle, an the king come.

I trow we swappit for the worse,
We ga'e the boot and better horse ;
And that we'll tell them at the cross,
Carle, an the king come.
When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
And gibbets stand to hang the Whigs,
O then we'll a' dance Scottish jigs,
Carle, an the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,
As we ha'e done—a dog's propine,
But quaff our waughts o' rosie wine,
Carle, an the king come.

Cogie, an the king come,
Cogie, an the king come,
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom.
Cogie, an the king come.

[It is needless to point out the tendency of this song and others,
even to the southern reader.]

THE JACOBITE MUSTER ROLL.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
Dugald's coming, Lachlan's coming,
Alister and a's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming—
Jock, and Tam, and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
Cameron and M'Lean's coming,
Gordon and M'Gregor's coming,
Ilka Dunywastle's coming—
Little wat ye wha's coming,
M'Gillavry and a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,
Derwentwater and Foster's coming,
Withrington and Nairn's coming—
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Blythe Cowhill and a's coming.

The laird of M'Intosh is coming,
 M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,
 M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,
 And the wild M'Craws are coming—
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glour, they look sae big,
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig;
 They'll fright the fuds of the pockpuds,
 For many a buttock bare's coming—
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock, and Tam, and a's coming.

[Written, it is supposed, about the time of Marr's march to Sheriff-muir.]

LASSIE, LIE NEAR ME.

Lang ha'e we parted been,
 Lassie, my dearie;
 Now we are met again,
 Lassie, lie near me.
 Near me, near me,
 Lassie, lie near me;
 Lang hast thou lain thy lane,
 Lassie, lie near me.

Frae dread Culloden's field,
 Bloody and dreary,
 Mourning my country's fate,
 Lanely and weary;

Weary, weary,
Lanely and weary;
Become a sad banish'd wight,
Far frae my dearie.

Loud, loud the wind did roar,
Stormy and eerie,
Far frae my native shore,
Far frae my dearie.
Near me, near me,
Dangers stood near me;
Now I've escap'd them a',
Lassie, lie near me.

A' that I ha'e endur'd,
Lassie, my dearie,
Here in thine arms is cur'd—
Lassie, lie near me.
Near me, near me,
Lassie, lie near me;
Lang hast thou lain thy lan ,
Lassie, lie near me.

[The first and last verses from the third volume of Johnson's Musical Museum, 1790; the other lines are from Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, 1810. It is not always safe to quote the latter work as an authority for old song, but in this place the Editor has reason to know he is giving genuine Jacobitical verses. Robert Chambers has strangely placed the name of Dr. Blacklock to the verses of this song quoted from Johnson.]

ROYAL CHARLIE.

The wind comes frae the land I love,
It moves the gray flood rarely ;—
Look for the lily on the lea,
And look for Royal Charlie.
Ten thousand swords shall leave their sheaths,
And smite fu' sharp and sairly ;
And Gordon's might, and Erskine's pride,
Shall live and die wi' Charlie.

The sun shines out—wide smiles the sea,
The lily blossoms rarely ;—
O yonder comes his gallant ship—
Thrice welcome, royal Charlie !
Yes, yon's a good and gallant ship,
Wi' banners flaunting fairly :
But should it meet your darling prince,
'Twill feast the fish wi' Charlie.

Wide rustled she her silks in pride,
And wav'd her white hand lordlie—
And drew a bright sword from the sheath,
And answered high and proudlie.
I had three sons, and a good lord,
Wha sold their lives fu' dearlie—
And wi' their dust I'd mingle mine,
For love of gallant Charlie.

It wad hae made a hale heart sair
To see our horsemen flying ;—
And my three bairns, and my good lord,
Amang the dead and dying :

I snatched a banner—led them back—
The white rose flourish'd rarely :—
The deed I did for royal James
I'd do again for Charlie.

[From Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, vol. iii. p. 248.]

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie!
I'll gie John Brown another half crown
To boat me o'er to Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him;
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame
Wi' Charlie's faes afore him.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.

- We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
• Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.
-

[From Johnson's *Mus. Mus.* vol. ii. 1789. "Some of these lines are old, and some of them are from the pen of Burns: the second stanza is his, and most of the third."—CUNNINGHAM.]

AWA WHIGS, AWA.

Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonny bloom'd our roses,
But whigs came like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.
Awa whigs, awa,
Awa whigs, awa;
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.

Our sad decay in church and state
Surpasses my describing;
The whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we have done wi' thriving.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,
Deil blind them wi' the stour o't!
And write their names i' his black beuk,
Wha ga'e the whigs the power o't!

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken :
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.
Awa whigs, awa,
Awa whigs, awa ;
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Y'll ne'er do good at a'.

[“ Burns trimmed up this Jacobite song for the Musical Museum of Johnson, the verses beginning “ Our ancient crown's fa'n to the dust,” and “ Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap,” are from his hand.”—CUNNINGHAM.]

. JOHNIE COPE.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar—
Come, Charlie, meet me gin ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.
My men are bauld, my steeds are rude ;
They'll dye their hoofs in highland blood,
And eat their hay in Holyrood
By ten to-morrow morning.

When Charlie looked the letter on,
He drew his sword the scabbard from—
Come follow me my merry merry men
To meet Johnie Cope in the morning.

Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye waking yet,
Or are your drums abeating yet?
Wi' claymore sharp and music sweet
We'll make ye mirth i' the morning.

Atween the gray day and the sun
The highland pipes came skirling on;
Now fye, Johnie Cope, get up and run,
'Twill be a bloody morning.
O yon's the warpipes' deadlie strum,
It quells our fife and drowns our drum;
The bonnets blue and broadswords come—
'Twill be a bloody morning.

Now, Johnie Cope, be as good's your word,
And try our fate wi' fire and sword;
And takna wing like a frighten'd bird.
That's chased frae its nest in the morning,
The warpipes gave a wilder screed,
The clans came down wi' wicked speed;
He laid his leg out o'er a steed—
I wish you a good morning.

Moist wi' his fear and spurring fast,
An auld man speered as Johnie past—
How speeds it wi' your gallant host?
I trow they've got their corning.
I'faith, quo' Johnie, I got a fleg
Frae the claymore and philabeg:
If I face them again, deil break my leg,
So I wish you a good morning.

[“ Johnie Cope is an universal favourite in Scotland; and no song in existence has so many curious variations. The present copy is made out of various versions.”—CUNNINGHAM.]

AMBITION IS NO CURE FOR LOVE.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

Died 1777.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook :
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
But what had my youth with ambition to do ?
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow ?

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide world secure me from love.
Ah, fool ! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true !
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more !

Alas, 'tis too late at thy fate to repine !
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine !
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Ah, what had my youth with ambition to do ?
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow ?

[Sir W. Scott alludes to what he calls this "beautiful pastoral song," in the Lay of the last Minstrel. Sir Gilbert Elliot was the father of the first Lord Minto.]

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

MISS JANE ELLIOT OF MINTO

I've heard them lilting,
At the ewe-milking,
Lasses a' lilting
 Before dawn of day ;
But now they are moaning
On ilka green loaning ;
The Flowers of the Forest
 Are a' wede awae.

At bughts in the morning,
Nae blithe lads are scorning ;
Lasses are lonely,
 And dowie and wae ;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing,
But sighing and sabbing ;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin,
 And hies her awae.

In har'st, at the shearing,
Nae youths now are jeering ;
Bandsters are runkled,
 And lyart or gray ;
At fair or at preaching,
Nae wooing, nae fleeching :
The Flowers of the Forest
 Are a' wede awae.

At e'en, in the gloaming,
Nae youngers are roaming
'Bout stacks, with the lasses
At bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits drearic,
Lamenting her deary—
The Flowers of the Forest
Are weded awae.

Dool and wae for the order
Sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance,
By guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest
That fought ay the foremost,
The prime of our land
Are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting
At the ewe-milking,
Women and bairns are
Heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning
On ilka green loaning,
The Flowers of the Forest
Are a' wede awae.

["In these beautiful stanzas," says Scott, "the manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated that it required the most positive evidence to convince me that they were modern. Such evidence I have however been able to procure." [Min. of Scot. Bord. vol. iii. 333.]

Miss Jane Elliot was the sister of Sir Gilbert, the author of the fine song printed before

My sheep I neglected I lost my sheep-hook.]

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

MISS RUTHERFORD.

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling—
I've tasted her favours,
And felt her decay :
Sweet is her blessing,
And kind her caressing—
But soon it is fled—
It is fled far away.

I've seen the Forest,
Adorn'd of the foremost
With flowers of the fairest,
Both pleasant and gay :
Full sweet was their blooming,
Their scent the air perfuming,
But now they are wither'd,
And a' wede away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning ;
And the red storm roaring,
Before the parting day :
I've seen Tweed's silver streams
Glittering in the sunny beams,
Turn drumlie and dark
As they roll'd on their way.

Oh, fickle Fortune !
 Why this cruel sporting ?
 Why thus perplex us,
 Poor sons of a day !
 Thy frowns cannot fear me,
 Thy smiles cannot cheer me,
 Since the Flowers of the Forest
 Are a' wede away.

[Miss Rutherford of Fairnlie in Selkirkshire, afterwards Mrs. Cockburn of Ormiston, was among the first to discover the expanding genius of Sir Walter Scott, who speaks very warmly of her kindness and talents in several of his writings.

"These verses were written at an early period of her life," says Scott, "and without peculiar relation to any event, unless it were the depopulation of Ettrick Forest."]

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

DR. AUSTIN.

For lack of gold she has left me-o ;
 And of all that's dear she's bereft me-o ;
 She me forsook for a great duke,
 And to endless wo she has left me-o.
 A star and garter have more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
 For empty titles we must part ;
 For glittering show she has left me-o.

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injured heart again to love ;
 Thro' distant climates I must rove,
 Since Jeany she has left me-o.

Ye powers above, I to your care
 Resign my faithless lovely fair ;
 Your choicest blessings be her share,
 Tho' she has ever left me-o !

[“ The country-girls in Ayrshire, instead of the line—
 She me forsook for a great duke,
 say,
 For Athole's duke she me forsook ; ”

which I take to be the original reading.

These words were composed by the late Dr. Austin, Physician at Edinburgh. He had courted a lady, [Miss Jean Drummoad of Megginch] to whom he was shortly to have been married: but the Duke of Athole having seen her, became so much in love with her, that he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted, and she jilted the Doctor.”—BURNS.]

TULLOCHGORUM.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

Born 1731—Died 1807.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
 And lay your disputes all aside,
 What signifies't for folks to chide
 For what's been done before them ?
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To drop their whigmegorum.

Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in aye unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a phraize,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna' gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hundred score o' em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
And silly sauls themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum ?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum ?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him !
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' em !
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot ;
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul
And discontent devour him !
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him !
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum !

[“ This first of songs.” “ The best Scotch song Scotland ever
saw.”—BURNS.]

JOHN OF BADENYON.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

When first I came to be a man
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know :
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there, and everywhere,
Was like a morn in May ;
No care had I, no fear of want,
But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd
In country or in town :
I still was pleased where'er I went,
And when I was alone
I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself
Wi' John of Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime
A mistress I must find ;
For love, I heard, gave one an air,
And even improved the mind :
On Phillis fair, above the rest,
Kind fortune fix'd mine eyes ;
Her piercing beauty touch'd my heart,
And she became my choice.

To Cupid now, with hearty prayer,
I offer'd many a vow,
And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
As other lovers do ;
But when at last I breathed my flame,
I found her cold as stone—
I left the jilt, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled
With foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lovers' pain.
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine ;
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine.
And now, whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply :
A strait soon came—my friend I tried—
He heard and spurn'd my moan :
I hied me home, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next,
And would a patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnie Wilkes,
And cry up parson Horne ;
Their manly spirit I admired,
And praised their noble zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
Maintained the public weal.

But ere a month or two had pass'd,
I found myself betray'd ;
'Twas self and party after all,
For all the stir they made.
At last I saw the factious knaves
Insult the very throne ;
I cursed them all, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mused a while,
Still hoping to succeed,
I pitch'd on books for company,
And gravely tried to read ;
I bought and borrow'd every where,
And studied night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way :
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, through many a page,
I hunted after truth :
A thousand various schemes I tried,
And yet was pleased with none ;
I threw them by, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters everywhere
Who wish to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor fondly hope
For happiness below ;
What you may fancy pleasure here
Is but an empty name,
And dames, and friends, and books also,
You'll find them all the same :

Then be advised, and warning take
From such a man as me,
I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
Nor one of high degree;
You'll meet displeasure everywhere—
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourselves
With John of Badenyon.

[“ An excellent song.”—BURNS.]

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

ROBERT DUDGEON.

Up amang yon cliffy rocks
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark! she sings, Young Sandy's kind,
An' he's promised ay to lo'e me;
Here's a brooch I ne'er shall tine
Till he's fairly married to me:
Drive away ye drone Time,
An' bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
Aften does he blaw the whistle,
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies list'ning daurna bleat.

He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 Hardy as the highland heather,
 Wading through the winter snow,
 Keeping aye his flock together;
 But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 He braves the bleakest norlan blast.

Brawly he can dance and sing
 Canty glee or highland cronach;
 Nane can ever match his fling,
 At a reel, or round a ring;
 Wightly can he wield a rung,
 In a brawl he's ay the bangster:
 A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 By the langest-winded sangster.
 Sangs that sing o' Sandy
 Come short, though they were e'er sae lang.

[Burns in his Border Tour met with the author of this original song, and in his journal made the following memorandum; "A Mr. Dudgeon, a poet at times, a worthy remarkable character—natural penetration, a great deal of information, some genius, and extreme modesty."

Dudgeon was a farmer near Dunse in Berwickshire.]

BESS THE GAWKIE.

REV. MR. MOREHEAD.

Blithe young Bess to Jean did say,
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
 And sport a while wi' Jamie?

Ah, na lass ! I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle blitheness in his face,
Out owre the muir to Maggie :
I wat he ga'e her monie a kiss,
And Maggie took them ne'er amiss ;
'Tween ilka smack pleased her wi' this,
That Bess was but a gawkie—

For when a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head and throws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll hardly speak :

Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie ?
But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
She'll gie a score without offence ;
Now gie me ane into the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae monie ta'en,
But I will never stand for ane
Or twa when we do meet again,
So ne'er think me a gawkie.

Ah, na, lass, that canna be ;
Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,
Or onie thy sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whist, nae mair o' this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet ;
Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.

O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I cam' by your gown sae new ;
I think you've got it wet wi' dew.
Quoth she, that's like a gawkie !

It's wat wi dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gae :
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek :
He cried, O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang anither gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they gade owre the muir they sang,
The hills and dales wi' echoes rang,
The hills and dales wi' echoes rang,
Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.

[“ A beautiful song in the genuine Scot's taste. We have few pastoral compositions, I mean the pastoral of nature, that are equal to this.”—BURNS.]

The author of this favourite song was unknown to Burns. Mr. Cunningham in his songs of Scotland gives good reasons for ascribing it to Mr. Morehead, a minister in Galloway. Printed by Herd in 1769.]

. THE BRAES OF BALLENDINE.

DR. BLACKLOCK.

Born 1721—Died 1791.

Beneath a green shade a lovely young swain
Ac ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain ;
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountain to flow ;
Rude winds, wi' compassion, could hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy (he cried) my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view !
Those eyes then wi' pleasure the dawn could survey,
Nor smil'd the fair morning mair cheerful than they ;
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew ;
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :
But love's ardent fever burns always the same ;
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires :
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that prays on my mind :

Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care!
To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair.

[Few writers have been found to mention Blacklock's verse with approbation. Burns alludes to his songs, but never praises them;—they are indeed very well as smooth lines run—

‘A happy tuneful vacancy of sense.’]

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

JOHN HOME.

Born 1722.—Died 1808.

’Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree;
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,
Thy bank’s purest streams shall be dear to me ever;
For there I first gain’d the affection and favour
Of Sandy, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he’s gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;
And, ah! there’s no hope of his speedy returning
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He’s gone, helpless youth! o’er the rude-roaring billows,
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows;
And left me to stray ’mongst the once-lovely willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him ;
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me ;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er
him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying ;
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing ;
While I with my Sandy am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

[“ The ‘ Banks of the Dee ’ is well enough, but has some false imagery in it ; for instance—

And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree.

In the first place, the nightingale sings in a low bush, and never from a tree ; and in the second place there never was a nightingale, seen, or heard, on the banks of the Dee, or on the banks of any other river in Scotland.”—BURNS.]

THE SMILING PLAINS PROFUSELY GAY.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

Born 1720—Died 1771.

The smiling plains, profusely gay,
Are drest in all the pride of May ;
The birds, on every spray above,
To rapture wake the vocal grove ;
But, ah ! Miranda, without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me ;
All lonely in the secret shade
I mourn thy absence, charming maid !

O soft as love ! as honour fair !
 Serenely sweet as vernal air !
 Come to my arms ; for thou alone
 Canst all my absence past atone.
 O come ! and to my bleeding heart
 The sovereign balm of love impart ;
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
 And give the year eternal spring.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Born 1734—Died 1788.

And are ye sure the news is true ?
 And are ye sure he's weel ?
 Is this a time to talk o' wark ?
 Ye jades, fling by your wheel !
 Is this a time to think of wark,
 When Colin's at the door ?
 Gie me my cloak ! I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.—
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck ava ;
 There's little pleasure in the house,
 When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up, and mak a clean fire-side,
 Put on the muckle pot ;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat ;

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.

There's twa hens upon the hawk,
Been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thra their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
It's a' for love of my gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.

O gie me down my bigonets,
My bishop-sattin gown ;
And rin an' tell the Baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town :
My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air !
His very foot has music in't
When he comes up the stair :
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by ; I hae him safe,
'Till death we'll never part :

But what puts parting in my head,
 It may be far awa' ;
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw !

Since Colin's well, I'm well content,
 I hae nae mair to crave ;
 Could I but live to mak him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave.
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.

[“ This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language. The two lines,

And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak !

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by any thing I ever heard or read : and the lines,

The present moment is our ain
 The neist we never saw—

are worthy of the first poet.”—BURNS.

“ For a while this song,” says Mr. Cunningham, “ had no author's name ; at last, it passed for the production of an enthusiastic old woman of the west of Scotland, called Jean Adam, who kept a school and wrote verses, and claimed this song as her own composition. It happened, however, during the period that Mr. Cromek was editing his collection of Scottish Songs, (with notes by Burns) that Dr. Sim discovered among the manuscripts of Mickle, the translator of the *Luslad*, an imperfect, altered, and corrected copy of the song, with all the marks of authorship about it. The changes which the poet had made were many and curious, and were conclusive of his claim to the honour of the song : his widow added decisive testimony to this, and said that her husband wrote a copy—said it was his own, and explained the Scottish words.”

The last verse but one of this song is ascribed to Dr. Beattie.]

I LO'E NAE A LADDIE BUT ANE.

I lo'e nae a laddie but ane,
He lo'es nae a lassie but me ;
He's willing to make me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.
He coft me a rokelay of blue,
A pair of mittens of green—
The price was a kiss of my mou,
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

My mither's ay making a phrase,
That I'm rather young to be wed ;
But lang ere she counted my days,
O' me she was brought to bed.
Sae mother just settle yere tongue,
And dinna be flyting sae bauld,
We can weel do the thing when we're young,
That we canna do weel when we're auld.

[“ Some person informed Burns,” says Mr. Cunningham, “ that ‘ I lo'e nae laddie but ane,’ was written by “ Mr. Clunie,” minister of Borthwick—whoever wrote it, wrote a capital song. I have seen it printed with the addition of four new verses, the work seemingly of a very inferior pen, and to which the name of Macneill was added.”

This song is printed by Ritson with the initials “ I. D.” attached to it.]

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.
O wha wad buy a silken gown,
Wi' a poor broken heart?
Or what's to me a siller crown
Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whose meanest wish is pure
Far dearest is to me,
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die:
For I have vowed a virgin's vow,
My lover's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
And what can man do mair?

His mind and manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift,
And did I wish to seek it back,
It wad be waur than theft.
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me—
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die.

[From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. iii. 1790—the author is unknown.]

LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O Logie of Buchan, its Logie the laird,
He's ta'en awa' Jamie wha delled in the yard,
Wha played on the pipe and the viol sae sma'—
He has ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a' !

Keep up yere heart, lassie, though I'm gaun awa'—
Keep up yere heart, lassie, when I'm far awa' ;
For summer will come when cauld winter's awa',
And I'll come and see you in spite o' them a' ?

O Sandie has owsen and siller and kye,
A house and a haddin and a' things forbye,
Yet his look is my life, and his wish is my law ;—
They have ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a' !

My daddie looks sulky, my mother looks sour ;—
They mock me wi' Jamie, because he is poor :
But daddie and minnie altho' that they be,
There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.

I sit in the sunshine and spin on my wheel,
And think on the laddie who loves me sae weel ;
And I think till my hearts fit to start into twa—
They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flower o' them a' !

[This song is printed with numerous variations ; Burns touched up a copy for the fourth volume of the Museum, and Allan Cunningham made improvements for his collection of Scottish songs. Mr. Peter Buchan has given the song to a Mr. George Halket of Aberdeen, while popular belief ascribes it to Lady Anne Lindsay.]

GIN LIVING WORTH COULD WIN MY HEART.

Gin living worth could win my heart,
Ye shou'dna sigh in vain ;
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Never to rise again.
My waefu' heart lies low wi' his
Whose heart was only mine ;
And what a heart was that to lose !
But I maun no repine.

Yet oh ! gin heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And tak this life, now naething worth,
Sin' Jamie's in his grave !
And see his gentle spirit comes
To shew me on my way ;
Surpriz'd nae doubt, I still am here,
Sair wond'ring at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear ;
And oh ! wi' what good will,
I follow wheresoe'er ye lead,
Ye canna lead to ill.
She said ; and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possest,
Her waefu' heart forgat to beat,
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

[From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. iii. 1790—and inserted there from a single sheet, printed at London about the year 1788, and sold by Joseph Dale, No. 19, Cornhill, "sung by Master Knyvett." The author's name I am sorry to say is unknown.]

O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

JEAN GLOVER.

Coming through the craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her ewes thegither.
O'er the moor amang the heather,
O'er the moor amang the heather ;
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame,—
In moor or dale, pray tell me whether ?
She says, I tend the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunnie was the weather :
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.

While thus we lay, she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther ;
And aye the burden of the sang
Was, O'er the moor amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne
I couldna think on ony other :—
By sea and sky, she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather !

O'er the moor amang the heather,
 Down amang the blooming heather,—
 By sea and sky, she shall be mine,
 The bonnie lass amang the heather !

[“ Coming through the Craigs o’ Kyle,” is the composition of Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a whore but a thief, and in one or other character had visited most of the Correction Houses in the west. She was born I believe in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing, as she was strolling through the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard.”—BURNS.]

[Printed by Burns in Johnson’s fourth volume.]

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

JOHN LAPRAIK.

When I upon thy bosom lean,
 And fondly clasp thee a’ my ain,
 I glory in the sacred ties
 That made us ane, wha ance were twain :
 A mutual flame inspires us baith,
 The tender look, the melting kiss :
 Even years shall ne’er destroy our love
 But only gie us change o’ bliss.

Hae I a wish ? it’s a’ for thee ;
 I ken thy wish is me to please ;
 Our moments pass sae smooth away,
 That numbers on us look and gaze,

Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
 Nor envy's sel find aught to blame;
 And ay when weary cares arise,
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
 And if that aught disturb my dear,
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
 And beg her not to drap a tear;
 Hae I a joy! it's a' her ain;
 United still her heart and mine;
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,
 That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.

[“ This song was the work of a very worthy facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk, (in Ayrshire). He has often told me that he composed it one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes.”—BURNS.]

Burns heard these beautiful verses sung in a rustic assembly, and was so delighted with them, that he desired the friendship of the author, and addressed a poetic epistle to him in which he alludes with exquisite delicacy to the above song—

There was ae sang, amang the rest
 Aboon them a' it pleased me best
 That some kind husband had addressed
 To some sweet wife,
 It thirld the heart-strings thro' the breast
 A' to the life.

Works, II. p. 172.]

ROSLIN CASTLE.

RICHARD HEWIT.

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung ;
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse ! the breathing spring,
With rapture warms ; awake and sing !
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song ;
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
'O ! bid her haste and come away ;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn !

O, hark, my love ! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng
And love inspires the melting song :
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes ;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away
Come while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine,
O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

[“ These beautiful verses were the production of a Richard Hewit, a young man that Dr. Blacklock, to whom I am indebted for the anecdote, kept for some years as an amanuensis.”—BURNS.
From Herd's Collection, 1769.]

MY GODDESS, WOMAN.

JOHN LEARMONT.

Of mighty Nature's handy-works,
The common or uncommon,
There's nought through a' her limits wide
Can be compared to woman.
The farmer's toils, the merchant trokes,
From dawning to the gloamin;
The farmer cares, the merchant's toils,
Are a' to please thee, woman
The sailor spreads the daring sail,
Through billows chafed and foaming,
For gems and gold and jewels rare.
To please thee, lovely woman.
The soldier fights o'er crimson'd fields,
In distant climates roaming;
But lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,
Before thee, conquering woman.

The monarch leaves his golden throne,
 With other men in common,
 And lays aside his crown, and kneels
 A subject to thee, woman.
 Though all were mine e'er man possess'd,
 Barbarian, Greek, or Roman,
 What would earth be, frae east to west,
 Without my goddess, woman?

[John Learmont, the author of this clever song, was a gardener at Dalkeith, "it is very happily imagined," says Mr. Cunningham, "but the execution is unequal."]

THE WAYWARD WIFE.

JENNY GRAHAME.

Alas! my son, you little know
 The sorrows which from wedlock flow:
 Farewell sweet hours of mirth and ease,
 When you have gotten a wife to please.

Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
 Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet,
 The half o' that will ganè you yet
 If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

Your hopes are high, your wisdom small,
 Woe has not had you in its thrall;
 The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,
 Which makes you sing along the road.

When I, like you, was young and free,
 I valued not the proudest she;
 Like you, my boast was bold and vain,
 That men alone were born to reign.

Great Hercules and Sampson too
Were stronger far than I or you,
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the shears.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls;
But nought is found, by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.

[I know not from whence to get the right reading of this song. Herd first published it in a very imperfect state in 1769, and since that time it has undergone many emendations.

"Miss Grahame was a maiden lady of Dumfries," says Mr. Cunningham, "of lively wit and fascinating manners, and in her youth a most accomplished dancer."]

THE MILLER.

SIR JOHN CLERK OF PENNYCUICK.

O merry may the maid be
Who marries wi' the miller,
For foul day or fair day
He's ay bringing till her;
Has ay a penny in his pouch,
Has something het for supper,
Wi' beef and pease, and melting cheese,
An' lumps o' yellow butter.

Behind the door stands bags o' meal,
And in the ark is plenty;
And good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And mony a sweeter dainty.

A good fat sow, a sleeky cow,
 Are standing in the byre ;
 Whilst winking puss, wi' mealy mou,
 Is playing round the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me take the miller ;
 A miller's wife's a merry wife,
 And he's ay bringing till her.
 For meal or maut she'll never want
 Till wood and water's scanty ;
 As langs there's cocks and cackling hens,
 She'll ay hae eggs in plenty.

In winter time, when wind and sleet
 Shake ha-house, barn, and byre,
 He sits aside a clean hearth stane,
 Before a rousing fire ;
 O'er foaming ale he tells his tale ;
 And ay to show he's happy,
 He claps his weans, and dawtes his wife
 Wi' kisses warm and sappy.

[From Yair's Charmer, 1751.]

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

DUKE OF GORDON.

Born 1743—Died 1827.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 And castocks in Stra'bogie ;
 Gin I hae but a bonnie lass,
 Ye're welcome to your cogie.

And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light :
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel,
John Bull loves country dances ;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well ;
Mynheer an all'mand prances :
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesomes they dance wond'rous light,
But twasomes ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lada, and view your partners weel,
Wale each a blithesome rogie :
I'll tak this lassie to mysel',
She looks sae keen and vogie :
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring ;
The country fashion is the thing,
To pree their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass
Save you auld doited fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie ;
But a' the lasses look sae fain
We canna think oursels to hain,
For they maun hae their come-again
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie ;
We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
And tipple out a cogie.

Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass
In wishing health to ev'ry lass,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

[First published in the second volume of Johnson. "The duke's song," Burns wrote to the late James Hoy, librarian at Gordon Castle, "independent totally of his dukeship, charms me."]

THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

JAMES TYTLER.

Born 1747—Died 1803.

The bonnie brucket lassie,
She's blue beneath the een ;
She was the fairest lassie
That danced on the green.
A lad he loo'd her dearly,
She did his love return ;
But he his vows has broken,
And left her for to mourn.

My shape, she says, was handsome,
My face was fair and clean ;
But now I'm bonnie brucket,
And blue beneath the een.
My eyes were bright and sparkling,
Before that they turn'd blue ;
But now they're dull with weeping,
And a', my love, for you.

My person it was comely,
My shape they said was neat ;
But now I am quite changed,
My stays they winna meet.
A' night I slept soundly,
My mind was never sad ;
But now my rest is broken,
Wi' thinking o' my lad.

O could I live in darkness,
Or hide me in the sea,
Since my love is unfaithful,
And has forsaken me !
No other love I suffer'd
Within my breast to dwell ;
In nought I have offended
But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
As by he chanced to pass ;
And press'd unto his bosom
The lovely brucket lass.
My dear, he said, cease grieving ;
Since that your love's so true,
My bonnie brucket lassie,
I'll faithful prove to you.

[" The idea of this song is to me very original : the two first lines are all of it that is old. The rest of the song is the work of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of Balloon Tytler, from his having projected a balloon : a mortal, who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-grace-of-God, and Solomon-the-son-of-David ; yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous Encyclopædia Britannica, which he composed at half-a-guinea a week."—BURNS.]

OH, HOW COULD I VENTURE.

ALEXANDER WEBSTER.

Oh, how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not despise a poor conquest like me,
On lords, thy admirers, could look wi' disdain,
And knew I was naething, yet pitied my pain ?
You said, while they teased you with nonsense and dress,
When real the passion, the vanity's less;
You saw through that silence which others despise,
And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my eyes.

Oh, how shall I fauld thee, and kiss a' thy charms,
Till, fainting wi' pleasure, I die in your arms ;
Through all the wild transports of ecstasy tost,
Till, sinking together, together we're lost !
Oh, where is the maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit can enliven each dull pause of joy ;
And when the short raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turn sensible friend ?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
(Too nice for expression,) what only we feel :
In a' that ye do, in each look and each mien,
The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
When I see you I love you, when hearing adore ;
I wonder and think you a woman no more :
Till, mad wi' admiring, I canna contain,
And, kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair ?
I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look awa care :
I'll ask thy advice, when with troubles opprest,
Which never displeases, but always is best.
In all that I write I'll thy judgment require ;
Thy wit shall correct what thy charms did inspire.
I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er,
And then live in friendship, when passion's no more

[From Herd's Collection, 1769.]

O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

GRAHAM OF GARTMOOR.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears me frae the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart ;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love ;
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array ;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.

If sweetest sounds can win thy ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself',
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow ;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me ;
I never lov'd but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue ;
For you alone I strive to sing—
O tell me how to woo !

[Sir Walter Scott assigned this song to the age of Charles I., and printed it in the *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., at one time he supposed it to have been the composition of the great Grahame, Marquis of Montrose.

Mr. Graham of Gartmoor was the friend of Smollett.]

THE LEA RIG.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

Born 1750.

Will ye gang o'er the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie-o ;
And cuddle there fu' kindly
Wi' me, my kind dearie-o ?

At thorny bush, or birken tree,
We'll daff, and never weary-o,
They'll scug ill e'en frae you and me,
My ain kind dearie-o.

Nae herd wi' kent or colly there
Shall ever come to fear ye-o;
But laverocks whistling in the air
Shall woo, like me, their dearie-o.
While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows
Wi' thee, my kind dearie-o.

At gloamin', if my lane I be,
Oh, but I'm wondrous eerie-o;
And mony a heavy sigh I gie,
When absent frae my dearie-o:
But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
In ev'ning fair and clearie-o,
Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,
Whan wi' my kind dearie-o.

Whare through the birks the burnie rows,
Aft hae I sat fu' cheerie-o,
Among the bonnie greensward howes,
Wi' thee, my kind dearie-o.
I've courted till I've heard the crow
Of honest Chanticleerie-o,
Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,
Whan wi' my kind dearie-o.

For though the night were ne'er sae dark,
And I were ne'er sae weary-o,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie-o.

While in this weary warld of wae
 This wilderness sae drearie-o,
 What makes me blithe, and keeps me sae !
 'Tis thee, my kind dearie-o.

[Fergusson wrote the two first verses of this song, the others of equal merit are from the pen of a late bookseller in Glasgow, Mr. William Reid.

The "Lea Rig" of Burns may escape in a note:—

When o'er the hill the eastern star,
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo ;
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
 Return sae dowf and weary O ;
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
 If through that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie O.
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo ;
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
 It maks my heart sae cheery O
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

as also may the old words preserved by Burns.

I'll rowe thee o'er the lea rig
 My ain kind dearie, O,
 I'll rowe the o'er the lea-rig
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wat
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
 I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig
 My ain kind dearie, O.]

MARY'S DREAM.

JOHN LOWE.

Died 1798.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree ;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be ;
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e :—
O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
Far far from thee I sleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days
We toss'd upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee :
The storm is past, and I'm at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 We soon shall meet upon that shore
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more.
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see ;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 " Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !"

[John Lowe was the son of a gardener at Kenmure Castle in Galloway ; bred up for the church, he was employed as a tutor in a gentleman's family in the same part of the country, Macghie, of Airds, on the River Dee, where he fell in love with one of that gentleman's daughters, whose sister about the same time lost her lover, a Mr. Alexander Miller at sea, which gave occasion to Lowe's writing the above pathetic verses.

The song originally commenced thus :

Pale Cynthia just had reached the hill,
 which some person very judiciously altered as it now stands.]

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

All lonely on the sultry beach
 Expiring Strephon lay,
 No hand the cordial draught to reach,
 Nor cheer the gloomy way.
 Ill-fated youth ! no parent nigh
 To catch thy fleeting breath,
 No bride to fix thy swimming eye,
 Or smooth the face of death !

Far distant from the mournful scene
Thy parents sit at ease,
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
And all the spring, to please.
Ill-fated youth ! by fault of friend,
Not force of foe, depress'd,
Thou fall'st, alas ! thyself, thy kind,
Thy country, unredress'd !

[“ The following I had from Dr. Blacklock.

The Strephon and Lydia mentioned in the song, were perhaps the loveliest couple of their time. The gentleman was commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson. The lady was the gentle Jean mentioned somewhere in Hamilton of Bangour's Poems. Having frequently met at public places, they had formed a reciprocal attachment, which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connexion, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthage.

The author of the song was William Wallace, Esq. of Cairnhill in Ayrshire.”—BURNS.]

THE BOATIE ROWS.

MR. EWEN OF ABERDEEN.

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed !
And weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns' bread.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed.

I cuist my line in Largo bay,
And fishes I catch'd nine;
'Twas three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
Who wishes her to speed.

O weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our porritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine
And wan frae me my heart, -
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.

My kurch I put upon my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,
I trow my heart was douf an' wae
When Jamie gaed awa':
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel.

And when wi' age we're worn down
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
She wins the bairns' bread,
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed.

[“The ‘Boatie Rows,’ is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life.”—BURNS.]

RED GLEAMS THE SUN

DR. ROBERT COUPER.

Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap,
The dew sits on the gowan;
Deep murmurs thro' her glens the Spey,
Around Kinrara rowan.
Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?
Alas! wert thou but near me,
Thy gentle soul, thy melting e'e
Would ever, ever cheer me.

The laverock sings among the clouds,
 The lambs they sport so cheerie,
 And I sit weeping by the birk ;
 O where art thou, my dearie !
 Aft may I meet the morning dew,
 Lang greet till I be weary ;
 Thou canna, winna, gentle maid !
 Thou canna be my dearie.

[This sweet short song was published about the year 1790. The name which the author gave it was "Kinrara;" and Kinrara was the summer residence of the late Duchess of Gordon, to whom he dedicated two volumes of verse.]

THE CUCKOO.

JOHN LOGAN.

Born 1748—Died 1788.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of spring !
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green
 Thy certain voice we hear :
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

[The last verse but one of this song is inexpressibly beautiful, no poet has praised the Cuckoo in lines so deserving of popularity as Logan :

O Cuckoo, may I call the bird,
Or but a wandering voice.

WORDSWORTH]

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

JOHN LOGAN.

The day is departed, and round from the cloud
The moon in her beauty appears ;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The music of love in our ears.

Maria, appear ! now the season so sweet
With the beat of the heart is in tune ;
The time is so tender for lovers to meet
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel :
I sigh—can a lover do more ?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love ! do you long for the grove ?
Do you sigh for an interview soon ?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon ?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear
My bosom is all in a glow ;
Your voice, when it vibrates so sweet through mine ear,
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon ?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon ?

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch ?
She vowed, she swore she wad be mine,
Said that she lo'ed me best of ony ;
But, oh ! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch ?
She was a kind and cantie queen,
Weel could she dance the highland walloch ;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch !

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch ?
Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou sae sweet and bonnie !
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnie.

[" Mr. Cromek, an anxious inquirer into all matters illustrative of northern song, ascribes Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch, to Mrs. Murray of Bath ; while George Thomson, and all other editors of Scottish song, impute it to Mrs. Grant of Carron. I am not aware that the authorship has been settled—and I am sorry for it ; because whoever wrote it has favoured us with a very sprightly and pleasant production."—CUNNINGHAM.]

HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.

Though distant far from Jessy's charms,
I stretch in vain my longing arms ;
Though parted by the deeps of sea,
Her absence shall not alter me.

Though beauteous nymphs I see around,
A Chloris, Flora, might be found,
Or Phillis with her roving e'e;
Her absence shall not alter me.

A fairer face, a sweeter smile,
Inconstant lovers may beguile;
But to my lass I'll constant be,
Nor shall her absence alter me.
Though laid on India's burning coast,
Or on the wide Atlantic tost,
My mind from love no power could free,
Nor could her absence alter me.

See how the flow'r that courts the sun
Pursues him till his race is run;
See how the needle seeks the pole,
Nor distance can its power control:
Shall lifeless flow'rs the sun pursue,
The needle to the pole prove true,
Like them shall I not faithful be,
Or shall her absence alter me?

Ask, who has seen the turtle-dove
Unfaithful to its marrow prove!
Or who the bleating ewe has seen
Desert her lambkin on the green?
Shall beasts and birds, inferior far
To us, display their love and care?
Shall they in union sweet agree,
And shall her absence alter me?

For conq'ring love is strong as death,
Like veh'ment flames his pow'rful breath;
Through floods unmov'd his course he keeps,
Ev'n through the sea's devouring deeps.

His veh'ment flames my bosom burn,
Unchang'd they blaze till I return ;
My faithful Jessie then shall see
Her absence has not alter'd me.

THE MINSTREL.

THOMAS PICKERING.

Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-head,
The snaw drives snelly through the dale,
The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,
And shiv'ring tells his waefu' tale :
Cauld is the night, O let me in,
And dinna let your minstrel fa' ;
And dinna let his winding sheet
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters hae I seen,
And pip'd whar gorcocks whirring flew ;
And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
To lilt's that frae my drone I blew.
My Eppie wak'd and soon she cried,
Get up, gudeman, and let him in,
For weel ye ken the winter night
Was short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow its sweet !
E'en though she banns and scolds a wee ;
But when it's tun'd to pity's tale,
O, haith it's doubly dear to me !

Come in, auld carle, I'll rouse my fire,
And make it bleeze a bonnie flame ;
Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate ;
Ye shoudna stray sae far frae hame.
Nae hame hae I, the minstrel said,
Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha',
And, weeping, at the eve o' life,
I wander through a wreath o' snaw.

[“ ‘ Donocht-head,’ is not mine ; I would give ten pounds it were.
It appeared first in the Edinburgh Herald ; and came to the Editor of
that paper with the Newcastle post-mark on it.”—BURNS.]

Since discovered to be the production of a Mr. Thomas Pickering of
Newcastle.]

HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

ANDREW ERSKINE.

How sweet this lone vale, and how soothing to feeling,
Yon nightingale's notes which in melody melt !
Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing,
A pause from keen anguish one moment is felt.
The moon's yellow light o'er the still lake is sleeping ;
Ah ! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb.
Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping,
And the sweets of the vale are all shaded with gloom.

[“ All Mr. Erskine's verses are good, but his ‘ Lone Vale,’ is divine.”
—BURNS.]

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY.

Died 1825.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane :
The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee,
When my gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his
 bride,
But saving a croun he had naething else beside ;
To mak that croun a pound, my Jamie gade to sea,
 nd the croun and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna been awa, a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown
 awa ;
My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father coudna work, my mother coudna spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win ;
Old Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said " Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me."

My heart it said nae, for I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck ;
The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die,
And why do I live to say, Wae's me ?

My father argued sair, my mither didna speak,
She lookit in my face till my heart was like to break ;
Sae they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the
 sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I coudna think it he,
'Till he said, " I'm come back for to marry thee."

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away ;
I wish I were dead ! but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say, Wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

[This tender song was composed about the year 1772, by Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter to the Earl of Balcarras, at a time when she was melancholy, and amusing herself by writing a few poetical trifles. It came first before the world as a production of olden times, and even some of its admirers were forward enough to ascribe it to David Rizzio, and had it sung before the lovely Mary Queen of Scots.

Burns tells us that it was the composition of Lady Ann Lindsay, but in the great poet's day it was not positively known who was the author. In 1823, Lady Ann Lindsay, then Lady Barnard, acknowledged the authorship in a letter to Sir Walter Scott.]

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

MRS. DUGALD STEWART.

The tears I shed must ever fall ;
I weep not for an absent swain,
For thoughts can past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.
Ev'n when by death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that ev'n in death he lov'd,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails,
No hope her gloomy prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, and wither'd joy :
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The hours once ting'd in transport's dye :
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the thought to agony.
Ev'n conscious virtue cannot cure
The pang to ev'ry feeling due ;
Ungen'rous youth, thy boast how poor,
To steal a heart, and break it too !

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start ;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart !
Hope from its only anchor torn,
Neglected and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.

[The four first lines of the last stanza are by Burns.]

CHEROKEE INDIAN DEATH SONG.

ANNE HUNTER.

Born 1742—Died 1825.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, ye tormentors ; your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low. ' .
Why so slow ? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain ?
No ! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast ; ye exult in my pain ;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone :
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes like a friend, to relieve me from pain ;
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain !

[Wife of the celebrated John Hunter, and sister to Sir Everard Home.]

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa' ;
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa' !
Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night ;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light."

O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing.

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude !
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

[The first stanza of this exquisite little song was published by Herd in 1776, "the thought is," writes Burns, "inexpressibly beautiful ; and quite, so far as I know, original. I have often tried to eke out a stanza to it, but in vain." The poet nevertheless, after balancing himself in his elbow chair, and musing for five minutes, produced the other verse ; which, though he thought little of, is only inferior to the original.

From Herd's MSS Sir Walter Scott printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a different copy of the Song, which is here subjoined.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysell a drap of dew,
 Down on that red rose I wad fa'.
 O my loves bonny, bonny, bonny ;
 My loves bonny, and fair to see ;
 Whene'er I look on her weel-far'd face,
 She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,
 And growing upon yon lily lee,
 And I mysell a bonny wee bird
 Awa' wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.
 O my loves bonny, &c.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
 And I the keeper of the key,
 I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
 And in that coffer I wad be.
 O my loves bonny, &c.

Allan Cunningham has given from tradition two additional verses, in which the lover wishes his lady first a "leek," and next a "fragrant gean," both certainly modern fabrications. And that curious finder of old verse, Mr. Peter Buchan, has presented the ingenious

Mr. Motherwell of Glasgow, with "a perfect copy of the old song as current in the north, and recovered by him," for which all true antiquaries stand his debtor, if any one of them could for a moment believe the silly additions Mr. Buchan has made to Herd's beautiful fragment genuine. Could not Mr. Buchan procure the original of "Tam Glen," somewhere near Aberdeen, and oblige that learned gentleman, who's

—grown so weel acquent wi' Buchan
And ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin
And pouk his hips.

See MOTHERWELL, BUCHAN, and HOOE's Edition of Burns,
Part vi. p. 103.]

TALK NOT OF LOVE.

CLARINDA.

Talk not of love it gives me pain,
For love has been my foe;
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plunged me deep in woe.
But friendship's pure and lasting joys,
My heart was form'd to prove,
There, welcome win, and wear the prize,
But never talk of love.

Your friendship much can make me blest,
O why that bliss destroy!
Why urge the only one request
You know I will deny!

Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought :
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought.

[These verses are printed in the second volume of Johnson's *Mus.* 1788, headed "By a Lady," and with the signature M. attached to them. They are well known to have been the composition (save the last four lines, which are by Burns himself) of Mrs. M'Lehose, the celebrated Clarinda of the poet, to whom he addressed in the gaiety of his heart the letters signed Sylvander, full of the flames and darts found in the burlesque pastorals of Tay, and the sighs and vows of the Grub-street school of writers. The lady is still alive in Edinburgh, honoured by a wide circle of relations and friends.]

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Born 1759—Died 1796.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang,
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along :
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her hair like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild ;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :
But woman, nature's darling child !
There all her charms she does compile ;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shade
That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And ev'ry day have joys divine,
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

[This is one of the most beautiful songs in the language—the heroine was a Miss Alexander of Ballochmyle in Ayrshire.

In the spring of the year 1786, the poet had roved out mid his favourite haunts “to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills, not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart;” whilst he was thus half lost in meditation, “I spied,” he continues in his letter to the lady, “one of the fairest pieces of nature’s workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape, or met a poet’s eye.—What an hour of inspiration for a poet.”

On his return home he composed the above song, and enclosed it in a very laboured letter a few months after to the young lady. Miss Alexander never acknowledged receiving it, and Burns it is well known bitterly resented her silence.

Currie and Lockhart have defended the conduct of Miss Alexander, the latter writes that the song is “conceived in a strain of luxurious fervour, which certainly, coming from a man of Burns’s station and character, must have sounded very strangely in a delicate maiden’s ear.” (Life. 8vo. p. 128.) This remark of Mr. Lockhart’s has much similarity to Dr. Currie’s; but if these excellent biographers could defend the silence of Miss Alexander, why did they not account for her after conduct, when the poet’s head was in the grave, the lady then carried the song about wherever she went, and to her last hour regarded it as an heir-loom in the house of Alexander. (Burns’ Works, iv. p. 48.)

Mr. Cunningham has made no defence for the lady—indeed it is difficult to defend her silence with any justice. Though the works of the poet were then published, he was little known, and the notice of a family like the Alexanders, would have been of great benefit, in lifting him from the low rank in which he was born. A lady in the same part of the country, Mrs. General Stewart, of Stair and Afton—of equal or greater opulence and station than the Alexanders, had already noticed him, and Burns was always thirsting for distinction, his great desire, he wrote to Dr. Moore, was to be thought a very clever fellow.

Mrs. Dunlop, one of Burns’ best friends, viewed the circumstance in the same light as Dr. Currie and Lockhart have done. The poet was complaining before the lady of Miss Alexander’s coldness and neglect, “How could you,” said Mrs. Dunlop, “expect a lady to acknowledge a poem written so freely and so warmly.” Burns rose up from where he was sitting, and striking the shoulder of Major Dunlop, the lady’s son, cried, “Major, you shall be umpire. When a lady dresses herself in such a manner as Miss Willie Alexander does,

you would imagine she coveted the notice of a man, rather than studied the delicacy of her sex. Had a half-witling lord written the poem, her vanity would have been flattered, and she would have acknowledged the compliment. Had Lord Daer written it—would it not have been answered?—

Curst be the verse how sweet soe'er it flow,
That makes a blush on woman's cheek to glow."

Burns had frequently seen Miss Alexander at church, and wandering among the braes of Ballochmyle; she was a very showy young lady. The poet acknowledged no superior, he held the patent of his honours immediately from Almighty God!]

MARY MORISON.

ROBERT BURNS.

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whose only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt nae gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

[“ This song is one of my juvenile works, I do not think it very remarkable, either for its merits or demerits.”—BURNS.]

“ Mary Morison is one of those songs which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind.”—HASLITT.]

THE BANKS O' DOON.

ROBERT BURNS.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luvver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

[The lady to whose lips these very beautiful lines are given, was a Miss Kennedy of Dalgarrock, a young and beautiful girl that fell a victim to her heartless seducer, M'Donnell of Logan.

I subjoin the earliest version of this favourite lyric.

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luvver was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause lover staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.]

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

ROBERT BURNS.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O !
Green grow the rashes, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O :
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O ?

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O :
Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow the rashes, O !
Green grow the rashes, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

[Upon some old fragments, now frequently printed, Burns founded this very charming and popular song.

The sentiment of the last verse though not new, is as Mr. Cunningham says, "the richest incense any poet ever offered at the shrine of beauty."]

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

ROBERT BURNS.

CHORUS.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go ;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays ;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

* [" I composed these stanzas standing under the falls of Aberfeldy, at, or near, Moness," (in Perthshire).—BURNS.
The chorus of the song is old.]

THE DAY RETURNS.

ROBERT BURNS.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give,
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live.
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

[The seventh of November was the anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, of Friars-Carse; and these verses were composed in compliment to the day. "One of the most tolerable things I have done in the way of song, is two stanzas I made to an air for a musical gentleman of my acquaintance, composed for the anniversary of his wedding day."—BURNS.]

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR.

ROBERT BURNS.

- ‘ Wha is that at my bower door ?’
O wha is it but Findlay ;
‘ Then gae your gate, ye’sae nae be here !’
Indeed maun I, quo’ Findlay.
‘ What mak ye sae like a thief ?’
O come and see, quo’ Findlay ;
‘ Before the morn ye’ll work mischief ;’
Indeed will I, quo’ Findlay.
- ‘ Gif I rise and let you in ;’
Let me in, quo’ Findlay ;
‘ Ye’ll keep me waukin wi’ your din ;’
Indeed will I, quo’ Findlay.
‘ In my bower, if ye should stay ;’
Let me stay, quo’ Findlay ;
‘ I fear ye’ll bide till break o’ day ;’
Indeed will I, quo’ Findlay.
- ‘ Here this night if ye remain ;’
I’ll remain, quo’ Findlay ;
‘ I dread ye’ll learn the gate again ;’
Indeed will I, quo’ Findlay.
‘ What may pass within this bower’—
Let it pass, quo’ Findlay ;
‘ Ye maun conceal till your last hour ;’
Indeed will I, quo’ Findlay.
-

[An old copy of verses printed in Allan Ramsay's *Miscellany*, we are told by Gilbert Burns, gave his brother the hint of writing this curious song. See "The Auld Man's Address to the Widow,"

O wha is at my chamber door
Fair widow are ye waukin,

called by Ramsay, "The Auld Man's best Argument."]

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

ROBERT BURNS.

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care ;
But, ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair !
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair !
To hope may be forgiven ;
For sure, 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of heaven.

[Inserted by Burns in the second edition of his poems, the first Edinburgh copy. The idea as Mr. Cunningham observes is taken from the last verse of Hamilton's very exquisite song :—

Ah ! the poor shepherd's mournful fate.

See ante, p. 117. Mr. Motherwell justly remarks that "there is great point and elegance in this little lyric."]

THE POSIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

O luve will venture in, where it daurna weel be seen ;
O luve will venture in, where wisdom aince has been ;
But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae
green—

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without
a peer—

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom, I'll place the lily there ;
The daisy's for simplicity, and unaffected air—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break of day.
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak
away—

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond-draps o' dew shall be her een sae
clear ;

The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a'
above,

That to my latest draught of life the band shall ne'er
remove,

And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

[Professor Wilson has remarked, that similar sentiments inspired Meleager in his ' Heliadora's Garland.' " The feeling of ' the Greek lines," says Wilson, " is tender, and the expression perfect : but compare the courtier with the clown, Meleager with Burns. The Scot surpasses the Greek in poetry as well as in passion ; his tenderness is more heartfelt, his expression more exquisite."]

JOHN ANDERSON.

ROBERT BURNS.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

[" John Anderson my Jo," was formed like many of Burns' lyrics on some old verses, which the reader will find in Percy's *Reliques* vol. ii. p. 181 ; they are scarcely worthy of being reprinted.]

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

ROBERT BURNS.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :

There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw soft
 Among the leafy trees,
 And frae ilk fragrant hill and vale,*
 Bring hame the laden bees ;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean ;
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, amang the knowes
 Hae passed atween us twa !
 How fond to meet, how wae to part,
 That night she gaed awa !
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean !

[“ Burns wrote this charming song in honour of Jean Armour : he adds archly in his notes—“ It was during the honey-moon.” The poet published but the first and second verses : the others are generally sung by the peasantry.”—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

A Mr. Reid in Glasgow wrote two additional verses of much beauty to this song, Mr. Motherwell has printed them, strangely enough, as Burns' ; here they are ;

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
 The lasses busk them braw ;
 But when their best they hae put on,
 My Jeanie dings them a' :

* This line is sometimes printed :

‘ Wi' gentle gale from hill and dale.’

In hamely weeds, she far exceeds,
 The fairest o' the town ;
 Both sage and gay confess it sac,
 Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
 Mair harmless canna be ;
 She has nae faut, (if sic ye ca't)
 Except her love for me :
 The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
 Is like her shining e'en
 In shape and air, nane can compare,
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

ROBERT BURNS.

O, were I on Parnassus' hill !
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my muse's well,
 My muse maun be thy'bonnie sel' ;
 On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay !
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
 I coudna sing, I coudna say,
 How much, how dear, I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
 By heaven and earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
 I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
 Till then—and then I'll love thee.

[“ This song I made out of compliment to Mrs. Burns.”—BURNS.
See the beautiful verses, ante p. 61, which the poet certainly had in
his eye when he wrote one of the loveliest of his songs.]

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 'Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom lily-white;—
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
 She charm'd my soul—I wistna how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow :
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

[“ The ‘ blue-eyed lass ’ was Jean Jeffrey, one of the daughters of the minister of Lochmaben. The poet on a visit to King Bruce’s borough, drank tea, and spent an evening at the manse. The honours of the table were performed by Miss Jeffrey, a rosy girl of seventeen, with winning manners and laughing blue eyes. Next morning the Poet wrote and sent her the song, greatly to her surprise and pleasure. She is now Mrs. Renwick, and lives in New York.”—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

The Editor has seen the original rough draught of this tender and exquisite lyric in the possession of Miss Jessie Lewars, the only variation was in the line,

Her lips like roses wat wi’ dew,

which he had written,

Her cheeks like roses wat wi’ dew.]

MACPHERSON’S FAREWELL.

ROBERT BURNS.

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch’s destinie !
 Macpherson’s time will not be long,
 On yonder gallows-tree.
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
 He play’d a spring, and dane’d it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?—
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword;
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
 I die by treacherie:
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avenged be.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky!
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die!
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

[The fate of Macpherson is printed in almost every country story book, and the old ballad of Macpherson's farewell is equally well known. (See Burns' Works, vol. 4, p. 64.)

In the ballad of Hughie Graham, printed in Johnson, Burns inserted a verse of his own, written and conceived in the spirit of the above grand lyric; the lads and lasses of Stirling are taunting the brave fellow with the name of loun:—

O loose my right hand free he said,
 And put my broad-sword in the same,
 He's no in Stirling town this day,
 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.]

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

ROBERT BURNS.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
The flow'rs sprang, wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care ;
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

[Who that has melted o'er his lay
 To Mary's soul in Heaven above,
 But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
 The landscape and the livelong day
 That smiled upon their mutual love,—
 Who that has felt forgets the song ?

Ode to the Memory of Burns.—CAMPBELL.]

HIGHLAND MARY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie !
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry ;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !

The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary !

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again ;
We tore oursels asunder ;
But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !—
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I oft hae kissed sae fondly !
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly—
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary !

[“ The foregoing song pleases myself ; I think it is in my happiest manner. The subject is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days ; perhaps after all, 'tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition.” *Letter to Thomson.*—BURNS.]

Who that has read the life of Burns is ignorant of the history of Mary Campbell ?]

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

ROBERT BURNS.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie.
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

[Burns, William Nicol, and Allan Masterton were the three joyous heroes of this excellent song. The poet and his friend Allan who was a first rate musician, agreed, each in their own way, to celebrate the merry meeting. Burns wrote the words, and Masterton composed the air—and thus for ever made famous three of the blithest hearts in Christendie.

Burns once intended writing a companion song to the above, celebrating his friends, Cruikshank, Dunbar and Cunningham, to the tune of the "Three guid fellows ayont the glen." But this design unhappily was never executed.]

TAM GLEN.

ROBERT BURNS.

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity;
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Dumeller,
"Gude-day to you, brute," he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hundred marks ten :
But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

Yestreen, at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten ;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen !

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
The very grey breeks o' 'Tam Glen !

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry ;
I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen.

[“ This is a capital song, and true in all its touches to Nature.”—
MOTHERWELL.]

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ROBERT BURNS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here :
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

[“ The first half-stanza of this song is old.”—BURNS.]

THE SONG OF DEATH.

ROBERT BURNS.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun !
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties !
Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave !
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant ; he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves ev'n the wreck of a name :
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark !
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh ! who would not die with the brave ?

[Burns thus describes the scene of this stimulating song, "*Scene.*
A field of battle. The wounded and the dying are supposed to join in
singing the above song."

An Isle of Sky tune suggested to Burns, "The Song of Death."]

THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR.

ROBERT BURNS.

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her country wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie :
The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 That turn'd the maute in yon town-en',
 And he had owsen, sheep and kye,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 He danc'd wi Jeanie on the down;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.*

And as she wrought her country wark,
 Her life was nought but care and pain;
 Yet kendna what her ail could be,
 Or what wad ease her heart again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And didna joy blink in her ee,
 When Robie tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

While mony a bird sang sweet o' love,
 And many a flower bloomed o'er the dale,
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And whisper'd thus his tender tale.†

* The following verse, which Burns asked Thomson if it was not original, is not in the MS.

As in the bosom o' the stream
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
 So trembling, pure, was tender love,
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

† In the printed copy.

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 And canst thou think to fancy me?
 And wilt thou leave thy country wark,
 And learn to turn the maute wi' me?

Thy handsome foot thou shalt na set
 In barn or byre, to trouble thee;
 But sit on a cushion and sew at thy seam
 And learn to turn the maute wi' me.*

Now Jeanie wist na what to say,
 She had nae will to say him na:
 At length she blush'd a kind consent,
 And bliss was aye between them twa.

[“ The above ballad I think in my best style.”—BURNS.]

The heroine of “ this exquisite song,” as Mr. Cunningham calls it, was Miss Jean M'Murdo (now Mrs. Crauford), the eldest daughter of Burns' kind friend Mr. M'Murdo, of Drumlanrig; “ I have not painted her,” says the poet, “ in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager.” It was written in 1789, and sent with a letter to the mother of the young lady, (Works, vol. vii. p. 35.) but does not appear to have been published till 1793, when the poet sent it to George Thomson, greatly altered in language from the copy given to Mrs. M'Murdo. (Works, v. p. 88.) The Editor has printed from the MS. copy, that no thoughts of such a great man or such a beautiful and simple ballad should be lost.]

* In the printed copy.

At barn or byre thou shaltna drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray among the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn, wi' me.

GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume ;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen :
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave ;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace,
What are they ? The haunt of the tyrant and slave !

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

[The Bonnie Jean of this fine song, was Mrs. Burns.]

AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine ;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine :
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere,
And gie's a haud o' thine ;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne ?

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne !

["Auld Lang Syne," Burns introduced to George Thomson and Mrs. Dunlop, as the work of an old heaven-inspired poet; which he (Burns) had taken down from an old man's singing. The starting note of the song is old, of the rest the author is well known.]

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

ROBERT BURNS.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A King can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Its coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

[“ A great critic (Alkin) on song, says, that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The ‘above’ is on neither subject, and consequently is no song ; but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts, inverted into rhyme.”—
 Burns.]

So the poet speaks of this noble and manly lyric.]

DUNCAN GRAY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings ;
And O, her een, they spak sic things !
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

[“ Duncan Gray is that kind of light-horse gallop of an air, which precludes sentiment.”—BURNS.]

The old words of this song are unworthy of preservation, Burns' first copy of the song is printed in the poet's works by Cunningham, vol. iv. p. 87.]

THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER.

ROBERT BURNS.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning :
I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia hame again
I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she reddened like a rose—
 Syne pale like onie lily ;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie ?
By him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man ; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted ;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the sodger's prize ;
 The sodger's wealth is honour :
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.

[“ Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill, near Dumfries, with a couple of friends, when a poor way-worn soldier passed the window : of a sudden it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures ; after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region where he had his ‘ Gariand and Singing Robes’ about him, and the result was the admirable song for ‘ the Mill, Mill O.’ ”—Geo. Thomson.]

BONNIE LESLEY.

ROBERT BURNS.

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
 As she gaed o'er the border?
 She's gane like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee:
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he cou'dna scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie !
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

[“ This rhapsody I composed on a charming Ayrshire girl, Miss Lesley Baillie, as she passed through Dumfries to England.”—
BURNS.

The poet accompanied Miss Baillie (afterwards Mrs. Cuming of Logie) and her father, fifteen miles on their road; “ out of pure devotion to admire the loveliness of the works of God.” Returning home he composed the above ballad, making a parody, he wrote to Mrs. Dunlop, upon an old ballad beginning—

My bonnie Lizie Baillie
I'll rowe thee in my pladie.

“ I am in love,” said the poet to another correspondent, “ souse ! over head and ears, deep as the most unfathomable abyss of the boundless ocean, with the most beautiful, elegant woman in the world.”]

HAD I A CAVE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar ·
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air !
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there !

[This "sublime song," as Mr. Cunningham justly calls it, relates, Burns tells us, to "an unfortunate part" of his friend Alexander Cunningham's story. The concluding verse when sung with great feeling, is awfully grand.]

GALLA WATER.

ROBERT BURNS.

There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather ;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loe him better ;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher ;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The hands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

[The above song Burns wrote for George Thomson's Collection in 1793. The old words as printed by Herd and others, are—

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water,
 O braw lads of Galla water,

I'll kilt my coats $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{aboon} \\ \text{below} \\ \text{up to} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ my knee

And follow my love thro' the water.
 Sae fair her hair sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonny blue her een my dearie,
 Sae white her teeth sae sweet her mou',
 I aften kiss her till I'm wearie.

OR,

The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon moss among the heather,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love thro' the water.
 Down among the broom, the broom,
 Down among the broom my dearie,

The lassie lost $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{her} \\ \text{a} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ silken snood,

That gard her greet till she was weary.

OR,

That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

Herd, II. 202.

These verses appear to be words of two different songs, 'Galla Water,' and 'The Lassie lost her Silken Snood.'

Mr. Robert Chambers has printed other copies of this old song from recitation. See "Scottish Songs," vol. ii. p. 327, p. 666.]

WANDERING WILLIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Now tired with wandering,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 [And] Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds
 Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 It was na the blast brought the tear,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e ;
 Now welcome the simmer,
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes rest,
 Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave o' your slumbers ;
 [O] How your dread howling a lover alarms !
 Awaken, row
 Wauken, ye breezes, blow gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But if he's forgotten his faithfulest
 But oh, if he's faithless, and mindna his Nannie,
 O still flow
 Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main ;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

["I leave it to you, my dear Sir, to determine whether the above, or the old "Thro' the Lang Muir," be the best."—BURNS. Letter to Thomson.]

These are the verses which Burns alludes to :

Here awa' there awa' here awa' Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, here awa' hame ;
 Lang have I sought thee, dear I have bought thee,
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Thro' the lang muir I have followed my Willie,
 Thro' the lang muir I have followed him hame,
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us ;
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa' Willie,
 Here awa', there awa' here awa' hame,
 Come love believe me, nothing can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

Herd, ii. 140.

The top line in the above copy shews Burns' original reading, and the under line the alterations made through the suggestions of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Erskine. The emendations are of little value.]

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BURNS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie !

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 See the front o' battle lour :
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
 Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor-knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fa'?
 Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By our sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !—
 Let us do or die !

[It is stated by Dr. Currie, that Burns in the month of July 1793, accompanied by Mr. Syme of Ryedale, made a tour of two or three days length through various parts of Galloway, visiting whatever was romantic in scenery, or had gained a celebrity through song. On the 28th July, in passing over the Wilds of Kenmore, they were caught by a storm; and Syme relates of his fellow traveller, that he heeded not the tempest's roar, but was rapt in meditation, charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn, and framing the noble lyric, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," which a day or two after he gave him a copy of. So far Mr. Syme.]

In September 1793, Burns enclosed in a letter to George Thomson, a copy of Bruce's Address to his Troops on that memorable field, which he had composed in his "*yesternight's evening walk* during a pitch of enthusiasm on liberty and independence."

Dr. Currie being the first to publish the Correspondence of Burns, took a few liberties in the alteration of phrases, wherever he wrote too freely, ungrammatically, or not clear. To leave no doubt of the truth of Syme's curious story, Currie altered "*yesternight's evening walk*," to the dubious expression "*solitary wanderings*," and so the correction has run through every edition of Burns' Works.

It is difficult to reconcile Syme's statement and Burns' letter. It seems probable, that the poet first conceived this grand war ode in the month of July, as Syme has stated, but did not really give life to it,

as it were, till September. When the travellers were at St. Mary's Isle (in July) the seat of Lord Selkirk, Syme (in the same letter) alludes to their meeting Urbani; and Burns in September tells Thomson that he showed the air of the song, "Hey tuttie taitie," to that once well-known composer, and Urbani begged him to make soft verses for it, but "I had no idea," says the poet, "of giving myself any trouble about it till the accidental recollection roused my rhyming mania." *Yesternight's mania of course!*

The air to which this song is written, is supposed to have been Bruce's March at the Battle of Bannockburn. To suit a whim of Mr. Thomson, the last line of each stanza was afterwards lengthened and weakened.]

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

ROBERT BURNS.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Although thou maun never be mine,
 Although even hope is denied;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then 'I am lock't in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst Fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

[These lines so exquisitely tender and beautiful were written in praise of Jessy Lewars, now Mrs. James Thomson of Dumfries, to whom Burns during his last hours addressed some of his most affecting verses. The young lady watched over the great poet in his last illness, and soothed down some of his bitterest moments; her kindness and attention has been rewarded by immortality. The song to Jessy is, as Currie tells us, "the last finished offspring of Burns' muse."

The Editor has good authority in stating that Jessy Lewars was the heroine of another of Burns' songs:

Oh! wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea—

which the poet wrote to continue something of the sentiment contained in the whimsical old verses:

The Robin came to the wren's nest,

the honour of being the heroine of this song, Mr. Cunningham has given to Mrs. Riddel. See Works, vol. v. p. 72.]

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

Born 1746—Died 1818.

Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea—
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie where flowers the hawtree?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue of her soft rolling e'e:
Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flowers the hawtree:
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
Dark was the blue of her soft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips and sweeter than roses—
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.

It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature,
She never loved ony till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary ; she's frae Castle-cary,
It was then your true love I met by the tree ;
Proud as her heart is and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling e'e :
Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your
scorning,
Defend ye fause traitor, fü' loudly ye lie.

Away wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling—
Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
Is it my true love here that I see :
O Jamie forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

Come under my plaidy, the night's gaun to fa,'
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw ;
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa ;
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that can blaw ;
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

Gae wa' wi' your plaidy ! auld Donald, gae wa'
 I fear na' the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw ;
 Gae wa' wi' your plaidy ! I'll no sit beside ye,
 Ye might be my gutcher, auld Donald, gae wa' !
 I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
 He's been at Meg's bridal sae trig and sae braw ;
 O nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu' or tightly !
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw !

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava ;
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back ;
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa :
 Be frank now and kindly, I'll busk ye aye finely,
 To kirk or to market they'll nane gang sae braw ;
 A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My father aye taul'd me, my mither and a',
 Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me aye braw :
 It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
 But, wae's me, I ken he has naething ava !
 I hae little tocher, ye've made a gude offer,
 I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma' ;
 Sae gi'e me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
 I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.

She crap in ayont him beside the stane wa',
 Where Johnny was list'nin, and heard her tell a' ;
 The day was appointed ! his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
 He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
 And thowless he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw ;
 The owlet was screaming, while Johnny cried, Women
 Wad marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw.

O the de'il's in the lasses ! they gang now sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa ;
The hail of their marriage is gowd and a carriage,
Plain love is the caldest blast now that can blaw !
Auld dotards, be wary ! tak tent when ye marry,
Young wives wi' their coaches they'll whip and they'll
ca',
Till they meet wi' some Johnny that's youthfu' and
bonny,
And they'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Born 1774—Died 1810.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes of Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather ;
Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower,
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er,
Wi' the flowers of the mountain,

I will range thro' the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring,
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming ;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Keen blows the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets are cover'd with snaw ;
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw !

The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they
flee;
And chirp out their complaints, seeming wae for my Johnie;
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky braw,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded
fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
It's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e;
For, O! gin I saw but my bonny scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

THE FLOW'ER O' DUMBLANE.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom !

And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green ;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as onie, and blithe as she's bonnie ;

For guileless simplicity marks her its ain :
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dum-
blane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening ;

Thou'rt dear to the echos of Calderwood glen :
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost wère my days till I met wi' my Jessie !

The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain ;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dum-
blane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,

Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Gloomy winter's now awa',

Saft the westlin breezes blaw :

'Mang the birks o' Stanely-shaw

The mavis sings fu' cheerie-o.

Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',

My young, my artless dearie-o.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray,
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blithely spend the gowden day
 Midst joys that never wearie-o.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds ;
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,

Adorn the banks sae brierie-o.
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry brekans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie-o.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie-o.

THRO' CRUIKSTON CASTLE'S LONELY WA'S.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Thro' Cruikston Castle's lonely wa's
 The wintry wind howls wild and dreary ;
 Tho' mirk the cheerless e'ening fa's,
 Yet I ha'e vow'd to meet my Mary.

Yes, Mary, tho' the winds shou'd rave
Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
The darkest stormy night I'd brave
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep
Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure;
But I will ford the whirling deep
That roars between me and my treasure.
Yes, Mary, tho' the torrent rave
With jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
Its deepest flood I'd bauldly brave
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie;
But when the lonesome way is past,
I'll to this bosom clasp my dearie.
Yes, Mary, tho' stern winter rave
With a' his storms to keep me frae thee,
The wildest dreary night I'd brave
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE. *

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Far lone, amang the Highland hills,
'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander :

The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are nought to me, when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass of Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
Just op'ning fresh and bonnie,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
And's scarcely seen by ony :
Sae sweet amidst her native hills
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The flower of Arranteenie.

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,
I view the distant ocean ;
There avarice guides the bounding prow,
Ambition courts promotion.—
Let fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurell'd favours many,
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass of Arranteenie.

THE EVENING STAR.

JOHN LEYDEN.

Born 1778—Died 1811.

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star!—to love and lovers dear ;
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through the tear ;

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream
To mark each image trembling there,—
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam
To see thy lovely face so fair

Though blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine,
As far as thine each starry night—
Her rays can never vie with thine.
Thine are the soft enchanting hours,
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flow'rs
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring, bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.
Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain;
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love—
But sweeter to be lov'd again.

GOOD-NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

Born 1775—Killed 1822.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a';
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart:
May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw!
In sorrow may ye never part!

My spirit lives, but strength is gone ;
The mountain-fires now blaze in vain :
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again !

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha show'd himself a better man,
Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore ?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wand'rer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear ;
Be cantie, but be good and leal ;
Your ain ills, aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa' ;
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

RICHARD GALL.

Born 1776—Died 1801.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie, O ;
Thy neck is o' the siller dew,
Upon the bank sae briery, O.

Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee :
Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheery, O ;
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to make it eerie, O.
Ah, little kens the sangster sweet,
Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O !

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
Aft we wad daff the lee lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.
Aft I wad chase thee ower the lea,
And round about the thorny tree ;
Or pu' the wild flow'rs a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O ;
A wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O ;
Then I wad daut the nicht and day,
Nae ither warldly care I'd hae,
Till life's warm stream forgat to play.
My only jo and dearie, O.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Born 1771—Died 1832.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and Commons!

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one!
Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar.
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended :
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster :
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather :
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set ;
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

[Written for Campbell's Albyn's Anthology, 1816.]

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, young Lochinvar has come out of the west ;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none :
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so gallant in war !
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone ;
He swam the Eske river, where ford there was none :
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented—the gallant came late—
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall,
Among bride'smen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all !
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
“ O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? ”—

“ I long woo'd your daughter—my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; the knight took it up ;
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar :
“ Now tread we a measure ! ” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume,
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, “ 'twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood
near ;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
“ She is won ! we are gone, over bush, loch, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan ;

Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran ;

There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

[See the ballad of ' Katharine Janfarie in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii.
p. 122, on which Young Lochinvar is founded.]

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“ Why weep ye by the tide, ladie—
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride ;

And ye shall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen :"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

" Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale :
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen :"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

" A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen :"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight were there :
They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;
The ladie was not seen !—
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean !

[“ The first stanza of this ballad is ancient. The others were written for Mr. Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816.”—SCOTT.]

MACGREGORS' GATHERING.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The moon's on the lake, and the mists on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day,
Then gather, gather, gather Grigalach !
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo !
Then haloo, Grigalach ! haloo, Grigalach !
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, &c.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her
towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours ;
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach !
Landless, landless, landless, &c.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
Mac Gregor has still both his heart and his sword !
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach !
Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the
eagles :
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach !
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the
river,

Mac Gregor despite then shall flourish for ever !

Come then, Grigalach, come then Grigalach,

Come then, come then, come then, &c.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall
career,

O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,

And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,

Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt !

Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach !

Gather, gather, gather, &c.

[“ These verses are adapted to a very wild, yet lively gathering-tune, used by the Mac Gregors. The severe treatment of this clan, their outlawry, and the proscription of their very name, are alluded to in the ballad.”—SCOTT.]

THE HILLS O' GALLOWA.

THOMAS CUNNINGHAM.

Born 1776—Died 1834.

Amang the birks sae blythe and gay,

I met my Julia hameward gaun ;

The linties chauntit on the spray,

The lammies loupit on the lawn ;

On ilka howm the sward was mawn,

The braes wi' gowans buskit braw,

An' gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrawn

Out owre the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
And fragrance wing'd along the lea,
As down we sat the flowers amang,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.
My Julia's arms encircled me,
And saftly slade the hours awa',
Till dawin coost a glimmerin e'e
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, an' kye,
It isna gowd, it isna gear,
This lifted e'e wad hae, quoth I
The warld's drumlie gloom to cheer.
But gie to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers wha rowe this yirthen ba'
And O! sae blythe thro' life I'll steer,
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

Whan gloamin' dauners up the hill,
And our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That owre the muir meandering rowes;
Or tint amang the scroggy knowes,
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
And sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
The hills and dales o' Gallowa'.

And when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs and joyous swains,
Her flow'ry wilds and wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains;
Whare friendship dwells and freedom reigns,
Whare heather blooms and muircocks craw,
O! dig my grave, and hide my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

THE BRAES OF BALLAHUN.

THOMAS CUNNINGHAM.

Now smiling summer's balmy breeze
Soft whispering, waves the leafy trees :
The linnet greets the rosy morn,
Sweet in yon fragrant flowery thorn ;
The bee hums round the woodbine bower,
Collecting sweets from every flower ?
And pure the crystal streamlets run
Amang the braes of Ballahun.

O blissful days, for ever fled,
When wandering wild as fancy led,
I ranged the bushy bosom'd glen,
The scroggy shaw, the rugged linn,
And mark'd each blooming hawthorn bush
Where nestling sat the speckled thrush ;
Or careless roaming wandered on
Amang the braes of Ballahun.

Why starts the tear, why bursts the sigh,
When hills and dales rebound with joy ?
The flowery glen and lilled lea
In vain display their charms to me.
I joyless roam the heathy waste,
To soothe this sad, this troubled breast ;
And seek the haunts of men to shun
Amang the braes of Ballahun.

The virgin blush of lovely youth,
The angel smile of artless truth,
This breast illum'd with heavenly joy,
Which lyart time can ne'er destroy :
O Julia dear!—the parting look,
The sad farewell we sorrowing took,
Still haunt me as I stray alone
Among the Braes of Ballahun.

[' Ballahun,' is a wild woody glen near Blackwood House on the river Nith.]

FAREWELL TO BONNIE TEVIOTDALE.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Our native land, our native vale,
A long, a last adieu !
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue !

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
Ye streams renown'd in song !
Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have loved so long !

Farewell, the blythesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow !
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe !

The mossy cave, and mouldering tower,
That skirt our native dell;
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam,
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main:
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land, our native vale,
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

THE BONNY LASS OF DELORAINE.

JAMES HOGG.

Still must my pipe lie idle by,
And worldly cares my mind annoy?
Again its softest notes I'll try,
So dear a theme can never cloy.
Last time my mountain harp I strung,
'Twas she inspir'd the simple strain,
That lovely flower so sweet and young,
The bonny lass of Deloraine.

How blest the breeze's balmy sighs,
 Around her ruddy lips that blow,
The flower that in her bosom dies,
 Or grass that bends beneath her toe !
Her cheeks endued with powers at will
 The rose's richest shade to drain,
Her eyes what soft enchantments fill,
 The bonny lass of Deloraine.

Let Athole boast her birchen bowers,
 And Windermere her woodlands green,
And Lomond of her lofty shores—
 Wild Ettrick boasts a blyther scene ;
For there the evening twilight swells
 With many a wild and melting strain,
And there the pride of beauty dwells,
 The bonny lass of Deloraine.

May health still cheer her beauteous face,
 And round her brows may honour twine,
And heaven preserve that bosom's peace,
 Where meekness, love, and duty join.
But all her joys shall cheer my heart,
 And all her griefs shall give me pain,
For never from my soul shall part
 The bonny lass of Deloraine.

[“ Written on one of the flowers of the forest near thirty years ago.”—Hogg, 1831.]

THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

JAMES HOGG.

The moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over ;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover ;
But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets,
And embroidered the cover ;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas ! pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you !
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window ;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom !

How painful the task
The sad tidings to tell you !
An orphan you were
Ere this misery befell you ;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan
Lies the corpse of your lover !

[“ One of the songs of my youth, written long ere I threw aside the shepherd’s plaid, and took farewell of my trusty colley, for the bard’s perilous and thankless occupation.”—Hogg, 1831.]

O, JEANIE, THERE’S NAETHING TO FEAR YE !

JAMES HOGG.

O, my lassie, our joy to complete again,
Meet me again i’ the gloaming, my dearie ;
Low down in the dell let us meet again—
O ! Jeanie, there’s naething to fear ye !
Come, when the wee bat flits silent and eiry ;
Come, when the pale face o’ Nature looks weary.
Love be thy sure defence,
Beauty and innocence :—
O ! Jeanie, there’s naething to fear ye !

Sweetly blows the haw an’ the rowan-tree,
Wild roses speck our thicket so breery ;
Still, still will our walk in the greenwood be ;
O ! Jeanie, there’s naething to fear ye :

List when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,
 List when the beetle bee's bugle comes near ye ;
 Then come with fairy haste,
 Light foot, an' beating breast :—
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!

Far, far will the bogle and brownie be ;
 Beauty an' truth, they darena come near it.
 Kind love is the tie of our unity ;
 A' maun love it, and a' maun revere it.
 Love maks the sang o' the woodland sae cheerie,
 Love gars a' Nature look bonnie that's near ye ;
 Love maks the rose sae sweet,
 Cowslip and violet :
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!

[“ By far the most popular love song I ever wrote.”—Hogg.]

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

JAMES HOGG.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
 That whistle through the glen,
 I'll tell ye of a secret
 That courtiers dinna ken :
 What is the greatest bliss
 That the tongue o' man can name?
 Tis to woo a bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great,—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough,
O, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the lavrock frae the blue lift,
Draps down an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;

Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
O there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all Nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

[This is Mr. Hogg's 'favourite pastoral for singing.']

THE MINSTREL BOY.

JAMES HOGG.

The minstrel Boy to the glen is gone,
In its deepest dells you'll find him,
Where echoes sing to his music's tone,
And fairies listen behind him.
He sings of nature all in her prime,
Of sweets that around him hover,
Of mountain heath and moorland thyme,
And trifles that tell the lover.

How wildly sweet is the minstrel's lay,
Through cliffs and wild woods ringing,
For, ah! there is love to beacon his way,
And hope in the songs he's singing!
The bard may indite, and the minstrel sing,
And maidens may chorus it rarely;
But unless there be love in the heart within,
The ditty will charm but sparely.

THE SKYLARK.

JAMES HOGG.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
 Where, on thy dewy wing
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbows rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY.

JAMES HOGG,

O what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away?
 O what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away?
 There's no a heart in a' the glen
 That disna dread the day.
 O what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has taen the hill for't—
A waefu' wight is he ;
Poor Harry's taen the bed for't,
An' laid him down to dee ;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
And learnin fast to pray.
And, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away ?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine ;
The priest has said—in confidence—
The lassie was divine—
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say :
But, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away ?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high,
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock from the sky ;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise an' join the lay :
An' hey ! what a day will be
When Maggy gangs away !

THE WEE HOUSE.

JAMES HOGG.

I like thee weel, my wee auld house,
Tho' laigh thy wa's an' flat the riggin,
Though round thy lum the sourock grows,
An' rain-draps gaw my cozy biggin',
Lang hast thou happit mine and me,
My head's grown grey aneath thy kipple,
And aye the ingle cheek was free
Baith to the blind man an' the cripple.

What gart my ewes thrive on the hill,
An' kept my little store increasin' ?
The rich man never wish'd me ill,
The poor man left me aye his blessin'.
Troth I maun greet wi' thee to part,
Though to a better house I'm flittin' ;
Sic joys will never glad my heart
As I've had by this hallan sittin'.

My bonny bairns around me smiled,
My sonsy wife sat by me spinning,
Aye lilting o'er her ditties wild,
In notes sae artless an' sae winning.
Our frugal meal was aye a feast,
Our e'ening psalm a hymn of joy ;
Sae calm an' peacefu' was our rest,
Our bliss, our love, without alloy.

I canna help but haud thee dear,
My auld, storm-batter'd, hamely shieling;
Thy sooty lum, an' kipples clear
I better love than gaudy ceiling.
Thy roof will fa', thy rafters start,
How damp an' cauld thy hearth will be!
Ah! sae will soon ilk honest heart,
That erst was blithe and bauld in thee!

I thought to cower aneath thy wa',
Till death should close my weary een,
Then leave thee for the narrow ha',
Wi' lowly roof o' sward sae green.
Fareweel my house an' burnie clear,
My bourtree bush an' bowzy tree!
The wee while I maun sojourn here,
I'll never find a hame like thee.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like Leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime,
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
' Hearts of oak ! ' our captains cried ; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havock did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;
' Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
' And we conquer but to save :—

‘ So peace instead of death let us bring ;
‘ But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
‘ With the crews, at England’s feet,
‘ And make submission meet
‘ To our King.’—

Then Denmark bless’d our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day,
While the sun look’d smiling bright
O’er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might
By the festal cities’ blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
• Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain’s pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ;—
With the gallant good Riou : *

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his dispatches.

Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Ye mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep thro' the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep thro' the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow !

HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry

Few, few, shall part where many meet
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill :
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger ;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh !

Erin, my country ! tho' sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more !
Oh cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me ?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood?

Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?

Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?

And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,

Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?

Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:

Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!

Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,

Green be thy fields,—sweetest isle of the ocean!

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—

Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh.*

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;

And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,

By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,

And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

* Ireland my darling,—Ireland for ever!

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Alone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube,
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er :—
' Oh whither,' she cried, ' hast thou wandered my love ?
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore ?
' What voice did I hear ? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd !'
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wandered she far,
When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar !

From his bosom that heaved, the last torrent was
streaming,

And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar !
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war !

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight !

How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !

' Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful
night,

' To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar ?'—

' Thou shalt live,' she replied, ' Heaven's mercy re-
lieving

' Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn !'

Ah no the last pang of my bosom is heaving !

No light of the morn shall to Henry return.

' Thou charmer of life ever tender and true !

' Ye babes of my love that await me afar : '—

His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,

When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded
Hussar !

WHEN NAPOLEON WAS FLYING.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

When Napoleon was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier dying,
To his brother bade adieu !

‘ And take,’ he said, ‘ this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection’s latest breath !’

Sore mourn’d the brother’s heart,
When the youth beside him fell ;
But the trumpet warn’d to part,
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to lose him,
For that gallant soldier sigh’d ;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

DRINK YE TO HER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That’s told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he’s had,
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
From hallowed thoughts so dear ;
But drink to them that we love most,
As they would love to hear.

WOE'S ME! WOE'S ME.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Oh, how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind ;
And if that one should be
False, unkind, or found too late,
What can we do but sigh at fate,
And sing Woe's me—Woe's me !

Love's a boundless burning waste,
Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,
And still more seldom flee
Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings ;
Yet somehow Love a something brings
That's sweet—ev'n when we sigh ' Woe's me !

THE LASS OF PRESTON MILL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,—
Its gentle breath amang the flowers
Scarce stirr'd the thistles tap o' down ;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking o'er the hill,
When I met 'mong the hawthorns green,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Her naked feet amang the grass,
Shone like two dew-gemm'd lilies fair ;
Her brow beam'd white aneath her locks,
Black curling o'er her shoulders bare ;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,
Her lips had words and wit at will,
And heaven seem'd looking through her een,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quoth I, fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Where black-cocks crow, and plovers cry ?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
Six vales are lowing wi' my kye
I have looked long for a weel-faured lass,
By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill—
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

I said, sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie's a kiss, and come with me ;
A lovelier face, O ne'er looked up,—
The tears were dropping frae her ee.
I hae a lad who's far awa',
That weel could win a woman's will ;
My heart's already full of love,—
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Now who is he could leave sic a lass,
And seek for love in a far countrie ?
Her tears dropp'd down like simmer dew ;
I fain wad kiss'd them frae her ee.
I took ae kiss o' her comely cheek—
For pity's sake, kind sir, be still ;
My heart is full of other love,
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

She streek'd to heaven her twa white hands,
 And lifted up her wat'ry ee—
 Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God—
 Or light is gladsome unto me;
 While woods grow green, and burns run clear,
 Till my last drop of blood be still,
 My heart shall haud nae other love,
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
 And Nith's romantic vale is fu' ;
 By Ae and Cluden's hermit streams
 Dwell many a gentle dame, I trow.
 O ! they are lights of a bonnie kind,
 As ever shone on vale and hill,
 But here's ae light puts them all out.—
 The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

[Fom Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, 1810.]

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

There liv'd a lass in Inverness,
 She was the pride of a' the town ;
 Blithe as the lark on gowan tap,
 When frae the nest it's newly flown.
 At kirk she wan the auld folk's love,
 At dance she wan the lads's een ;
 She was the blitheest o' the blithe,
 At wooster-trystes or Halloween.

As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer sun was sinking down ;
O there I saw the weelfaur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the toun.
The gray-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying sad to see,
The flower o' the lads o' Inverness
Lie bludie on Culloden lea !

She tore her haffet links o' gowd,
And dighted aye her comely e'e ;
My father lies at bludie Carlisle—
At Preston sleep my brethren three !
I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
Mae tears could never blin' my e'e ;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
A dearer ane there ne'er could be !

He trysted me o' luv yestreen,
O' love-tokens he gave me three ;
But he's faulded i' the arms o' weir,
O, ne'er again to think o' me !
The forest flowers shall be my bed,
My food shall be the wild-berrie,
The fa'ing leaves shall hap me owre,
And wauken'd again I winna be.

O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames !
Weep till ye blin' a mither's e'e ;
Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
But slaughtered corses, sad to see !
O, spring is blithesome to the year ;
Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie ;
But, O what spring can raise them up,
That lie on dread Culloden lea.

The hand o' God hung heavy here,
 And lightly touch'd foul tyrannie :
 It struck the righteous to the ground,
 And lifted the destroyer hie.
 But there's a day, quo' my God, in prayer,
 When righteousness shall bear the gree :
 I'll rake the wicked low i' the dūst,
 And wauken in bliss the gude man's e'e.

[From Cromek's *Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 1810. "Who can doubt that this beautiful song is by Allan Cunningham, or suppose such a song really remained in Nithsdale unknown to Burns?" *Jac. Rel.* II. 356.—Hogg.]

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast ;
 And bends the gallant mast my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
 I heard a fair one cry ;
 But give to me the snoring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high ;

And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

MY NANIE-O.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Red rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie-o,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll gang and see my Nanie-o ;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
My kind and winsome Nanie-o,
She holds my heart in loves' dear bands,
And nane can do't but Nanie-o.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonnie-o,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie-o ;

My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
The world's in love with Nanie-o ;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadna love my Nanie-o.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely-o ;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely-o ;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie-o ;
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
And says, I dwell with Nanie-o.

Tell not, thou star at gray day light,
O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie-o,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
When coming frae my Nanie-o ;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
Nane ken o' me and Nanie-o ;
The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie-o !

KNOW YE THE FAIR ONE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Know ye the fair one whom I love ?
High is her white and holy brow ;
Her looks so saintly-sweet and pure,
Make men adore who come to woo ,
Her neck, o'er which her tresses hing,
Is snow beneath a raven's wing.

Her lips are like the red-rose bud,
Dew-parted in a morn of June,
Her voice is gentler than the sound
Of some far heard and heavenly tune,
Her little finger, white and round
Can make a hundred hearts to bound.

My love's two eyes are bonnie stars,
Born to adorn the summer skies ;
And I will by our tryste-thorn sit,
To watch them at their evening rise :
That when they shine on tower and tree,
Their heavenly light may fall on me.

Come, starry eve, demure and gray,
Now is the hour when maidens woo,
Come shake o'er wood, and bank, and brae
Thy tresses moist with balmy dew :
Thy dew ne'er dropt on flower or tree,
So lovely or so sweet as she.

The laverock's bosom shone with dew,
Beside us on the lilled lea,
She sung her mate down from the cloud
To warble by my love and me ;
Nor from her young ones sought to move,
For well she saw our looks were love.

HAME, HAME, HAME.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Hame, hame, hame ! Hame fain wad I be !
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the
tree,
The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie ;
Hame, hame, hame ! Hame fain wad I be !
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning now to fa' ;
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a' ;
But we'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
And green it will graw in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame ! Hame fain wad I be !
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

There's nocht now frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs, wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame ! Hame fain wad I be !
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save ;
The green grass is growing abune their bludie grave ;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e.
I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame! Hame fain wad I be!
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

[This song is noticed in the introduction of "The Fortunes of Nigel," and part of it is sung by Richie Moniplies. It is supposed to come from the lips of a Scottish Jacobite Exile. From Cromek's Nithsdale and Galloway Song, 1810.]

PHEMIE IRVING.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Gay is thy glen, Corrie,
With all thy groves flowering;
Green is thy glen, Corrie,
When July is showering;
And sweet is yon wood where
The small birds are bowering,
For there dwells the sweet one
Whom I am adoring.

Her round neck is whiter
Than winter when snowing;
Her meek voice is milder
Than Ae in its flowing;
The glad ground yields music
Where she goes by the river;
One kind glance would charm me
For ever and ever.

The proud and the wealthy
To Phemie are bowing ;
No looks of love win they
With sighing and suing ;
Far away maun I stand
With my rude wooing,
She's a floweret too lovely
To bloom for my pu'ing.

O were I yon violet,
On which she is walking !
O were I yon small bird,
To which she is talking !
Or yon rose in her hand,
With its ripe ruddy blossom !
Or some pure gentle thought,
To be blest with her bosom !

THE SAILOR'S LADY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Come busk you gallantlie,
Busk and make you ready,
Maiden, busk and come,
And be a sailor's lady.
The foamy ocean's ours,
From Hebride to Havannah,
And thou shalt be my queen,
And reign upon it Anna.

See my bonnie ship,
So stately and so steady ;
Thou shalt be my queen,
And she maun be my lady :
The west wind in her wings,
The deep sea all in motion,
Away she glorious goes,
And crowns me king of ocean.

The merry lads are mine,
From Thames, and Tweed, and Shannon ;
The Bourbon flowers grow pale
When I hang out my pennon ;
I'll win thee gold and gems
With pipe and cutlass clashing,
With all my broad sails set,
And all my cannon flashing.

Come with me and see
The golden islands glowing,
Come with me and hear
The flocks of India lowing ;
Thy fire shall be of spice,
The dews of eve drop manna,
Thy chamber floor of gold,
And men adore thee, Anna.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.
•

Cauld winter is awa', my love,
And spring is in her pride;
The breath of heaven stirs a' to life,
And beauty far and wide.
The birds canna contain themsel's
Upon the sprouting tree,
But loudlie, loudlie, sing of love;
A theme which pleaseth me.

The blackbird is a pawky loon,
An' kens the gate of love;
Fu' weel the sleekit mavis ken
The melting lilt maun move.
The gowdspink woos in gentle note,
And ever singeth he,
Come here, come here, my spousal dame!—
A theme which pleaseth me.

What says the songster rose-linnet?
His breast is beating high,
Come here, come here, my ruddie mate
The way of love to try!
The laverock calls his freckled mate,
Frae near the sun's e'e-bree,
Make on the knowe, our nest, my love!—
A theme which pleaseth me.

The hares ha'e brought forth twins, my love,
Sae has the cushat doo ;
The raven croaks a softer way,
His sooty love to woo :
And nought but love, love breathes around
Frae hedge, frae field, and tree,
Soft whispering love to Jeanie's heart :
A theme which pleaseth me.

O lassie ! is thy heart mair hard
Than mavis on the bough ;
Say, maun the hale creation wed,
And Jean remain to woo ?
Say has the holie lowe of love,
Ne'er lighten'd in your e'e ?
O ! if thou canstna feel for pain,
Thou art nae theme for me.

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he ;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countrie.
O ! gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countrie.

O! it's no my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairns three;
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
And smiled my fair Marie:
I've left my heart behind me,
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the tree,
But I win back—oh, never!
To my ain countrie.
I'm leal to the high heaven,
Which will be leal to me;
And there I'll meet ye a' sune,
Frae my ain countrie.

MY GENTLE HUGH HERRIES.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Go seek in the wild glen—
Where streamlets are falling,
Go seek on the lone hill—
Where curlews are calling,
Go seek where the clear stars
Shine down without number,
For there ye will find him
My true love in slumber.

They sought in the wild glen—
The glen was forsaken ;
They sought on the mountain,
'Mang lang lady bracken ;
And sore, sore they hunted
My true love to find him,
With the strong bands of iron
To fetter and bind him.

Yon green hill I'll give thee
Where falcons are flying,
To show me the den, where
This bold traitor's lying—
O make me of Nithsdale's
Fair pryncedom the heiress,
Is that worth one smile of
My gentle Hugh Herries ?

The white bread, the sweet milk,
And ripe fruits I found him,
And safe in my fond arms,
I clasp'd, and I wound him :
I warn you—go not where
My true lover tarries,
For sharp smites the sword of
My gentle Hugh Herries.

They rein'd their proud war-steeds,
Away they went sweeping,
Behind them dames wail'd, and
Fair maidens went weeping ;
But deep in yon wild glen,
'Mang banks of blae-berries,
I dwell with my loved one,
My gentle Hugh Herries.

LOGAN BRAES.

JOHN MAYNE.

By Logan streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep ;
Herded sheep and gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me ;
Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing, thae days are gane :
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dauner out and sit alane,
Sit alane, beneath the tree,
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
Oh, could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain !
Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes !

While for her love she thus did sigh,
She saw a sodger passin' by,
Passin' by, wi' scarlet claes,
While sair she grat on Logan braes :
Says he, what gars thee greet sae sair ?
What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care ?
Thae sportin' lambs hae blythsome days,
And playful skip on Logan braes !

What can I do but weep and mourn ?
I fear my lad will ne'er return,
Ne'er return to ease my waes,
Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes.
Wi' that he clasp'd her in his arms,
And said, I'm free of war's alarms ;
I now hae conquer'd a' my faes,
We'll happy live on Logan braes.

Then straight to Logan kirk they went,
And join'd their hands with one consent,
With one consent to spend their days,
And live in bliss, on Logan braes.
And now she sings, thae days are gane
When I wi' grief did herd alane,
While my dear lad did fight his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

[This song, the author of which is still alive, was printed in the Star Newspaper, May 23, 1789, and soon became a favourite. Burns in one of his letters speaks of it as an old song, the two last lines of one of the verses he thought pretty :—

Now my dear lad maun face his faes
Far, frae me and Logan braes.]

MARY'S BOWER.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

The mavis sings in Mary's bower,
The laverock in the sky,
An' a' is fair round Mary's bower,
An' a' abune is joy !
But sad's the gloom in Mary's bower,
Tho' a' without be gay ;
Nae music comes to greet the morn,
Nae smile to glad the day.

Her lover left young Mary's bower,
His ship has crossed the main ;
There's waefu' news in Mary's bower,
He ne'er returns again.
A breaking heart's in Mary's bower,
A wasting form is there ;
The glance has left that e'e sae blue,
The rose that cheek sae fair.

The mavis flees frae Mary's bower,
The laverock quits the sky ;
An' simmer sighs o'er Mary's bower,
For coming winter's nigh.
The snaw fa's white on Mary's bower,
The tempests loudly rave ;
The flowers that bloomed round Mary's bower,
Now wither on her grave !

O MITHER ! MITHER ! LET ME BE.

O mither ! mither ! let me be,
And let me, dowie, lie my lane ;
I canna bend a waukrife ee—
I can but greet sin' Jamie's gane !
The simmer buds are on the lea,
The simmer sun is glintin' fair ;
But nocht can simmer bring to me—
Ilk new-born day's but new despair.

O mither ! mither ! let me dee,—
My waefu' heart will break fu' sune ;—
I canna' lift a pray'r for thee,
Nor fix my thochts on Heav'n abune.
O bury me aneath the tree
That aft has heard his vows o' guile ;
And ne'er may Jeanie's misery
Be tauld to rob him o' a smile !

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in',
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear :

For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer ;
She cam there afore the flower blumed on the pea ;
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin' ;
Richt sair was his kind heart, the flittin' to see :
' Fare ye weel, Lucy ! ' quo' Jamie, and ran in ;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
' Fare ye weel, Lucy ! ' was ilka bird's sang ;
She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

' Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter ?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee ?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be ?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither ;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see ;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a'thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me ;
Yestreen, when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
Though now he said naething but ' Fare ye weel, Lucy !'
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see :
He could nae say mair but just, ' Fare ye weel, Lucy !'
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit ;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea :
But Lucy likes Jamie ;—she turn'd and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.

Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless !
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn !
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return !

[“ It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance regarding this exquisitely pathetic and beautiful little poem, that its author has written hardly any other thing of any description.”—CHAMBERS.

William Laidlaw, the author of this beautiful song, was the valued friend and steward of Sir Walter Scott; but since the death of the great minstrel, and disarrangement of the Abbotsford estate, he has been employed, much I hear to his mind, by the ancient and noble family of Seaforth. It is of Laidlaw that an anecdote of Sir Walter on his return from Naples during his last illness has been told. Scott it is said recognized few or none of his friends or relations after he left London, and from Edinburgh to Abbotsford lay in the chariot like to one as dead—but seeing Laidlaw near him at his bed-side, he said, his eyes brightening at the time, “ Is that you Willie? I ken I'm hame neo.”]

‘THE LAND O’ THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;
I'm wearing awa, Jean,
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld there, Jean,
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
And we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare ye well, my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

KELVIN GROVE.

JOHN LYLE.

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O ;
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O ;
Where the rose in all its pride
Decks the hollow dingle's side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O ;
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the lofty waterfall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie, O,
Where so oft, beneath its shade, bonnie lassie, O,
 With the songsters in the grove,
 We have told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie, O.

Ah ! I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie, O,
To this fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the streamlet winding clear,
 To the fragrant-scented brier,
E'en to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

For the frowns of fortune low'r, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O :
 Ere the golden orb of day,
 Wakes the warblers from the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
 Wilt thou, Helen, when you hear
 Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie? O.

[“ Kelvin Grove is a beautifully wooded dell, about two miles from Glasgow, forming a sort of lovers' walk for the lads and lasses of that city.”—CHAMBERS.]

THE SOCIAL CUP.

CHARLES GRAY.

'The gloamin saw us a' sit down,
And mickle mirth has been our fa'
But ca' the other toast aroun',
Till chanticleer begins to craw.
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
Blythe are we, ane and a';
Aften hae we canty been,
But sic a nicht we never saw.

The auld kirk bell has chappit twal;
Wha cares though she had chappit twa!
We're licht o' heart, and winna part,
Though time and tide should rin awa.

Tut! never speir how wears the morn,
The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky;
And, gif like her we fill our horn,
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry.

Then fill us up a social cup,
And never mind the dapple dawn;
Just sit a while, the sun may smile,
And light us a' across the lawn.

A E H A P P Y H O U R.

ALEXANDER LAING.

The dark gray o' gloamin,
The lone leafy shaw,
The coo o' the cushat,
The scent o' the haw,
The brae o' the burnie,
A' blumin in flower,
And twa faithfu' lovers,
Mak ae happy hour.

A kind winsome wife,
A clean cantie hame,
And smiling sweet babies,
To lisp the dear name;
Wi' plenty o' labour,
And health to endure,
Make time to row round ay
The ae happy hour.

Ye lost to affection,
Whom avarice can move
To woo and to marry
For a' thing but love;
Awa' wi' your sorrows,
Awa' wi' your store,
Ye ken na the pleasure
O' ae happy hour.

THE GREEN BOWERS OF BARGENY.

HEW AINSLIE.

I left ye, Jeanie, blooming fair
'Mang the bourocks of Bargeny ;
I've found ye on the banks of Ayr,
And sair ye're alter'd Jeanie :
I left ye 'mang the woods sae green,
In rustic weed befitting ;
I've found ye buskit like a queen,
In painted chambers sitting.

I left ye like a wanton lamb
That plays 'mang Haydart heather ;
I've found ye now a sober dame,
A wife, and eke a mither.
Ye're fairer, statelier, I can see ;
Ye're wiser, nae doubt, Jeanie ;—
But oh ! I'd rather met wi' thee
'Mang the green bowers of Bargeny.

HE IS GONE, HE IS GONE!

I
WILLAM MOTHERWELL.

He is gone ! he is gone !
Like the leaf from the tree ;
Or the down that is blown
By the wind o'er the lea.

He is fled, the light-hearted !
Yet a tear must have started
To his eye, when he parted
From love-stricken me !

He is fled ! he is fled !
Like a gallant so free,
Plumed cap on his head,
And sharp sword by his knee ;
While his gay feathers fluttered,
Surely something he muttered,
He at least must have uttered
A farewell to me !

He's away ! he's away,
To far lands o'er the sea—
And long is the day
Ere home he can be ;
But where'er his steed prances,
Amid thronging lances,
Sure he'll think of the glances
That love stole from me !

He is gone ! he is gone !
Like the leaf from the tree ;
But his heart is of stone
If it ne'er dream of me !
For I dream of him ever,
His buff-coat and beaver,
And long sword, oh, never
Are absent from me !

O POVERTY.

ALEXANDER HUME.

liza was a bonnie lass, an' O, she lo'ed me weel,—
• Sic love as canna find a tongue, but only hearts can
 feel;
But I was poor, her Faither dour, he wadna look on me,
O poverty! O poverty! that Love should bow to thee!

I went unto her Mither : an' I argued, an' I fleeced,
I spak o' love an' honesty, an' mair an' mair be-
 seeched,
But she was deaf to a' my grief, she wadna look on me,
O poverty! O poverty! that Love should bow to thee!

I neist went to her brother, an I tauld him o' my pain,
O he was wae! he tried to say, but it was a' in vain;
Though he was weel in love himsel', nae feeling he'd
 for me,
O poverty! O poverty! that Love should bow to thee!

O wealth it makes the fool a sage, the knave an honest
 man,
An' canker'd grey locks young again, gin he hae gear
 an' lan',
To age maun beauty ope her arms, though wi' a tearfu' ee,
O poverty! O poverty! that Love should bow to thee!

But wait a wee, o' love is slee, an winna be said nay,
It breaks a' chains except its ain, but it maun hae
its way;
Auld age was blind, the priest was kind, now happy as
can be,
O poverty! O poverty! we're wed in spite o' thee!

WELCOME BAT AND OWLET GRAY.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

O welcome bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging lone your airy way;
And welcome moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by;
And welcome shadows long and deep,
And stars that from the pale sky peep!
O welcome all! to me ye say,
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,
Her breath is in the dewy air,
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound
That steals along the stilly ground.
O dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou in this witching hour!
O noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to the fall of night!

GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The sun is sunk, the day is done,
E'en stars are setting, one by one;
Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out the pleasures of the day;
And, since, in social glee's despite,
It needs must be, Good night, good night!

The bride into her bower is sent,
The ribald rhyme and jesting spent;
The lover's whispered words, and few,
Have bid the bashful maid adieu;
The dancing-floor is silent quite,
No foot bounds there, Good night, good night!

The lady in her curtained bed,
The herdsman in his wattled shed,
The clansman in the heathered hall,
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all!
We part in hope of days as bright
As this now gone—Good night, good night!

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all;
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasures o'er again,
To warm the heart, and charm the sight:
Gay dreams to all! Good night, good night!

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND SONGS

TO VOLUME I.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

p. 29.

Ben Jonson, we are told by Drummond, had these verses by heart. ["Sir Edward Wotton's verses of a Happie Lyfe, he hath by heart."] *Conversations with Ben Jonson*, 1619. *Arch. Scot.* iv. 89.

TO CELIA.

p. 31.

"The most common-place of his [Jonson's] repetition was his verses of drinking, *Drink to me bot with thyne Eyes*." DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN. *Arch. Scot.* iv. 82.

WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADOWS.

p. 35.

"Pembrok and his Lady discoursing, the Earl said,—The Woemen were mens shadowes, and she maintained them. Both appealing to Johnson, he affirmed it true, for which my Lady gave a pennance to prove it in verse; hence his epigrame."—DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN. *Arch. Scot.* iv. 95.

GO LOVELY ROSE.

p. 87.

There is much similarity in some of the thoughts in this exquisite song, to Cowley's pretty verses in 'The Mistress,' entitled, 'Bathing in the River.'

TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND.

p. 117.

"1664-5. January 2d. To my Lord Brouncker's, by appointment, in the Piazza, in Covent Garden; where I occasioned much mirth with a ballet which I brought with me, made from the seamen at sea to their ladies in town; saying Sir W. Pen, Sir G. Ascue, and Sir J. Lawson, made them." *Pepys' Diary*, vol. I. 4to. 324.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

p. 122.

Burns, who was an anxious enquirer after Songsters and Songs, in one of his early MS. volumes made the following memorandum, "Ah! Chloris! Sir Peter Halket of Pittferran, the author. *Note.* He married her—the heiress of Pittferran."

WHEN THY BEAUTY APPEARS.

p. 158.

There appears some reason to suppose that this song was written by Pope, not by Parnell; for it is mentioned as his by Lord Peterborough, in a letter to Mrs. Howard. *Suffolk Letters*, vol. I. p. 161. *Mitford's Life of Parnell*, p. 54.

'T WAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

p. 163.

"The ballad is a species of poetry, I believe, peculiar to this country, equally adapted to the drollest and the most tragical subjects. Simplicity and ease are its proper characteristics. Our forefathers excelled in it; but we moderns have lost the art. It is observed, that we have few good English odes. But to make amends, we have many excellent ballads, not inferior perhaps, in true poetical merit, to some of the very best odes that the Greek or Latin languages have

to boast of. It is a sort of composition I was fond of, and if grave matters had not called me another way, should have addicted myself to it more than to any other. What can be prettier than Gay's ballad, or rather Swift's, Arbuthnot's, Pope's, and Gay's, in the 'What do ye call it,'—'Twas when the Seas were roaring.' I have been well informed that they all contributed, and that the most celebrated association of clever fellows this country ever saw, did not think it beneath them to unite their strength and abilities in the composition of a song. The success, however, answered their wishes." COWPER. Letter to Unwin, Aug. 4, 1783.

THE ROSE.

p. 230.

Cowper writing to his friend Unwin, Feb. 7, 1785, says, "I have sent two pieces more to the Gentleman's Magazine, a translation of the Poplar Field, and on a Rosebud, the neck of which I inadvertently broke."

The history of this little song, Cowper tells us in another letter addressed to Lady Hesketh. "I could pity the poor woman, who has been weak enough to claim my song. Such pilferings are sure to be detected. I wrote it, I know not how long, but I suppose four years ago. The rose in question, was a rose given to Lady Austen by Mrs. Unwin, and the incident that suggested the subject, occurred in the room in which you slept at the vicarage. Some time since Mr. Bull going to London, I gave him a copy of it, which he undertook to convey to Mr. Nichols, the printer of the Gentleman's Magazine. He shewed it to a Mrs. C——, who begged to copy it, and promised to send it to the printers by her servant. Three or four months afterwards, and when I had concluded it was lost, I saw it in the Gentleman's Magazine, with my signature, W. C. Poor simpleton! she will now find perhaps, that the rose had a thorn, and that she has pricked her fingers with it." Letter, Jan. 8, 1787.

BEGGING ANOTHER KISS.

p. 295.

These were among Jonson's favourite verses for reciting, Drummond tells us.

SHALL I TELL YOU WHOM I LOVE.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Shall I tell you whom I love ;
 Hearken then awhile to me ;
 And if such a woman move
 As I now shall versifie ;
 Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
 That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
 As she scorns the help of art,
 In as many virtues dight
 As e'er yet embrac'd a heart ;
 So much good so truly tried—
 Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath without desire
 To make known how much she hath ;
 And her anger flames no higher
 Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
 Full of pity as may be
 Though perhaps not so to me.

Such she is : and if you know
 Such a one as I have sung ;
 Be she brown, or fair, or so,
 That she be but somewhat young ;
 Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
 That I love, and love alone.

[From Britannia's Pastorals. In this copy a verse is omitted.]

A STEED ! A STEED !

A steed ! a steed ! of matchlesse speede !
 A sword of metal keene !
 Al else to noble heartes is drosse—
 Al else on earth is meane.

The neighynge of the war-horse prowde,
 The rowleinge of the drum,
 The clangour of the trumpet lowde—
 Be soundes from heaven that come.
 And, oh ! the thundering presse of knightes,
 When as their war-cryes swelle,
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,
 And rowse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte ! then mounte brave Gallants all,
 And don your helmes amaffe ;
 Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
 Us to the field againe.
 No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand ;
 Heart-whole we'll parte, and no whit sighe
 For the fayrest of the land.
 Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
 Thus weepe and puling crye ;
 Our businesse is like men to fighte,
 And like to Heroes, die !

[Mr. Motherwell printed these fine stanzas from a copy of Lovelace's *Lucaste*, London, 1679—they are written in an old hand, and are not unworthy of the author in whose work they were written. See Motherwell's *Anc. Min.* p. 159.]

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

EDWARD MOORE.

Died 1757.

How blest has my time been ! what joys have I known,
 Since wedlocks soft bondage made Jessy my own !
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless and roving a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play :
 How pleasing their sport is ! the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft times am I seen,
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green :
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her wit and good humour bloom all the year through ;
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair ;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam !
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

ADDITIONAL NOTES, &c.

TO VOL. II.

I DO CONFESS THOUR'T SMOOTH AND FAIR.

p. 15.

This song was printed, perhaps, for the first time, in Playford's *Select Ayres*, London 1659. It is called there, a "Song to his Forsaken Mistrisse; set to music by Mr, Henry Lawes."

THE BLYTHESOME BRIDAL.

p. 24.

The late Lord Napier, James Hogg, and Robert Chambers, have eagerly sought to take from Francis Semple the honour of writing this excellent song. "I always held," Lord Napier wrote to the Editor of *The Songs of Scotland*, "on the authority of my father, who had it from his father or grandfather, that the Blythsome Brydal was written by my great-great grandfather Sir William Scott of Thirlstane. Sir William was a highly finished gentleman and scholar, and much given to mirth and conviviality. He was intimate with Allan Ramsay, Clerk of Pennycuik, Dr. Pitcairn, and other celebrated scho.

lars." I will not quote any more ; Lord Napier in another letter gave up the dispute, and resigned the song to Francis Semple, of Beltrees.

Chambers claims another song given to Semple, as the property of Sir William Anstruther, of Anstruther. Scotch traditions are very seldom to be relied on.

KATHERINE OGIE.

p. 32.

This song is printed as altered by Ramsay, for the Tea Table Miscellany. The following copy is from a single sheet printed in 1680, with the Music, as sung by Mr. Abell, at his concert in Stationer's Hall.

As I went furth to view the plain
 Upon a morning early,
 With May's sweet scent to cheer my brain,
 When flowers grew fresh and fairly ;
 A very pretty maid I spy'd,
 She shin'd, though it was foggie ;
 I ask'd her name : kind Sir, she said,
 My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I paus'd a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In a country-maid so neatly :
 Such native sweetness she display'd
 Like lilies in a bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flower of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees and does not prize thee ;
 Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet they cannot disguise thee ;
 Thy mind sure, as thine eyes do look,
 Above a clownish rogie ;
 Thou art a match for laird, or duke,
 My bonnie Kath'rine Ogie.

O if I were some shepherd swain !
 To feed my flocks beside thee,
 And gang with thee along the plain,
 At bughting to abide thee ;

More rich and happy I could be,
 With Kate, and crook, and dogie,
 Than he that does his thousands see,
 My winsome Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise imperial crowns,
 And statesmen's dang'rous stations :
 Nor fear a monarch's slights or frowns,
 And laugh at conqu'ring nations :
 Might I caress and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
 These were but toys, I must confess
 Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

The fates, I fear, have not ordain'd
 For me so fair a creature,
 Whose lovely face makes her esteem'd
 A miracle of nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and foggie :
 O pity me, ye powers above,
 I die for Kath'rine Ogie !

HAME NEVER CAME HE.

p. 124.

From Finlay and Cunningham's fragments of this song, Mr. Motherwell manufactured for his Minstrelsy the following ballad.

Hie upon Hielands
 And low upon Tay,
 Bonny George Campbell
 Rode out on a day.
 Saddled and bridled
 And gallant rade he ;
 Hame came his gude horse,
 But never cam he !

Out cam his auld mither
 Greeting fu' sair,
 And out cam his bonnie bride
 Rivin' her hair.
 Saddled and bridled
 And bootied rade he ;
 Toom hame cam the saddle,
 But never cam he !

“ My meadow lies green,
 And my corn is unshorn ;
 My barn is to big,
 And my bable's unborn.”
 Saddled and bridled
 And bootied rade he ;
 Toom hame cam the saddle,
 But never cam he !—p. 44.

ROYAL CHARLIE.

p. 147.

The Editor believes this song to be the property of Allan Cunningham.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDINE.

p. 167.

The title of this song should be:—

Beneath a green shade.

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

p. 194.

The first line of this song is generally printed,

All *lovely* on the sultry beach.

lonely, the Editor believes is the correct reading.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

p. 148.

Perhaps the right reading of the third line of this Jacobite song, is,

I'll gie John Ross another bawbee.

THE ROBIN CAME TO THE WREN'S NEST.

p. 72.

Only the first stanza of this song is old—the others are by Allan Cunningham.

JOHNNY FAA, THE GYPSEY LADDIE.

Johnny Faa was first published by Allan Ramsay in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1794. In 1808, Mr. Finlay printed two additional verses to Ramsay's copy in his *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, [vol. ii. p. 39,] and Mr. Motherwell in 1837—a very different version under the name of 'Gypsy Davy,' [*Minstrelsy*, p. 369,] other versions have appeared, but not deserving of notice.

The following copy, as current in the north of England, was taken down from the recitation of John Martin the distinguished painter of *Belshazzar's feast* and other noble works. There can be little difficulty in future in giving an excellent and an old copy of this popular ballad.

The gypsies came to the Earl o' Cassilis' gate,*
 And O, but they sang bonnie;
 They sang sae sweet and sae complete,
 That down cam' our fair ladie.

And she cam' tripping down the stair,
 Wi' her twa maids before her;
 As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
 They coost their glamer o'er her.

"O come wi' me," says Johnnie Faw,
 "O come wi' me, my dearie;
 For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,
 Your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

"Here, tak' frae me this gay mantle,
 And gie to me a plaidie;
 Tho' kith and kin and a' had sworn,
 I'll follow the gypsy laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
 And my gude lord beside me;
 This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
 Whatever shall betide me.

* The common printed copies commence—

The gypsies came to our good lord's gate.
 Burns mentions that in Ayrshire the people began,
 The gypsies cam to my Lord Cassilis' yett.
 Mr. Martin's reading seems correct.

" Last night I lay in a weel-made bed
 Wi' silken hangings round me ;
 But now I'll lie in a farmer's barn,
 Wi' the gypsies all around me.

" The first ale house that we come at,
 We'll hae a pot o' brandie ;
 The next ale-house that we come at,
 We'll drink to gypsie Geordie.

Now when our lord cam' home at e'en,
 He speir'd for his fair lady ;
 The ane she cried, [the] t'ither replied,
 " She's awa wi' the gypsie laddie."

Gae saddle me the gude black steed,
 The bay was ne'er sae bonnie ;
 For I will neither eat nor sleep,
 'Till I be wi' my lady.

Then he rode east and he rode west,
 And he rode near stra' bogie ;
 And there he found his ain dear wife,
 Drinking wi' gypsie Geordie.

And what made you leave your houses and land,
 Or what made you leave your money ;
 Or what made you leave your ain wedded lord,
 To follow the gypsie laddie.

Then come thee hame my ain dear wife,
 Then come thee hame my hinuie ; [dearie ?]
 And I do swear by the hilt of my sword,
 The gypsies nae mair shall come near thee.

Then we were seven weel made men,
 But 'lack we were nae bonnie ;
 And we were a' put down for ane,
 For the Earl o' Cassilis' ladie."

COLLECTIONS OF ENGLISH SONGS.

Songs are scattered like pearls among the writings of our Elizabethan dramatists, but these are frequently so inwoven with the narrative, that to remove them they lose much of their beauty and meaning. The collector of songs will look among the works of the Elizabethan writers at the first outset for songs. The curious and valuable miscellanies of the period must then be consulted, 'England's Helicon,' 'The Phoenix Nest,' 'Davison's Poetical Rhapsody,' 'Paradise of Dainty Devises,' and several others, accurate copies of which have been published by Brydges, Nicolas, and other poetical antiquaries, and by Thomas Park in the 'Heliconia,' though in an imperfect and rather inaccurate state.

There were as yet no collection of songs—but during the Commonwealth, Alexander Brome, called by Pepys 'the great song-writer,' published a garland of Loyal and Rump Songs; and immediately after the accession of Charles II. volumes appeared like butterflies, of Witty Songs and Miscellany poems, under these most singular titles, 'A crew of kind London Gossips,' 'Drolleries from Westminster, Covent Garden, Holborn, Windsor, Norfolk, Bristol and Oxford,' 'Wit restored, &c. &c.' * containing witty and licentious songs and poems by the good authors and Grub Street writers of the day; nearly the whole of their contents with some 'new Scotch songs,' (songs dignified with that title) were collected by Tom D'Urfey of pious memory, in the commencement of the last century, in six volumes, under the title of 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' containing as great an assemblage of filth and trash as ever came under the eye of decency. D'Urfey's work was followed by 'State Songs since the Rebellion,' and 'Loyal songs written against the Rump Parliament,' (1716. 1731.)

Allan Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany appeared at Edinburgh in 1724—and the immediate popularity of that valuable work, called many new rivals into the field, of no very great pretensions: a collection of one hundred and three Bacchanalian Songs, appeared in 1729, with not above two worthy of being called passable songs. The Vocal Miscellany, (1734), A Complete Collection of old and new English and Scottish Songs, (1735), the Cupid, a collection of Love Songs, Bacchus and Venus, (1737), The Syren, (1739), containing four hundred and fifty-two celebrated English songs, The Lark, containing 470 songs, The Musical Companion, 1741, The Merry Companion or

* Many of these songs will be found in Jamieson's popular ballads, 2 vols. 8vo. 1806.

Universal Songster, 500 songs, 1742, The Nightingale, 492 songs, 1742. Phillomet, being a small collection of only the best English songs, 1744. The Warbling Muses, or Treasure of Lyric Poetry, containing 731 songs, and to use the words of the Editor, "a great many from MSS. and scarce any found in the collection of Benjamin Wakefield, being the first attempt of the kind," 1749. The Linnet, 1749, containing 660 songs; and Vocal Melody, or the Songster's Magazine, 2 vols. 1751, with 2000 English and Scottish Songs.

The above are only a few of the names of song books so rife during the last century, prior to Dr. Alkin's popular collection of the best English Songs, to which was prefixed an Essay on Song writing, presenting nothing new, original, or striking. The songs are selected with taste, but on the whole, the Doctor's work is one exhibiting considerable judgment and little research.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 1765, revived several old and admirable songs.

In 1783, Ritson published "A select collection of English Songs," in three volumes, octavo. The Introduction contains a very learned Historical Essay on Song, written with all the discernment and correctness for which Ritson is so justly celebrated.

About 1790, Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, published a miserable collection of Songs, altered indifferently, and selected with little judgment. Mr. Dalrymple was ignorant of Ritson's Collection!

Ritson's Ancient Songs, from King Henry III. to the Revolution, appeared in 1790. This is a very valuable work, one of great care and research.

In George Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets, several good songs were copied from rare volumes.

Dr. Alkin's work was reprinted in 1810, and Ritson's Select Collection of Songs, with additions by Park in 1823, the Ancient Songs were republished a year or two ago. Ritson's labours form our most valuable collections and illustrations of Song.

COLLECTIONS OF SCOTTISH SONGS.

The early Scottish songs we owe either to tradition or the manuscripts of the period, such as Bannatyne's, Maitland's, and Drummond's.

At Aberdeen appeared a collection of Scotch and English songs, under the name of "CANTVS, Songs and Fancies to three, four, or five parts. With a brief introduction to Musick, as is taught in the Musick-school of Aberdeen," 1662, a second edition of which was published in 1668, and a third in 1682. This is a book of little value.

James Watson collected and printed in Edinburgh a miscellaneous collection of Scottish Songs, in three parts, (1706-1709-1710.) 'The Blythesome Bridal,' is printed in the early number.

But the first grand sanctuary for Scottish Song was Allan Ramsay's collection. "The Tea Table Miscellany, or a Collection of Scots Songs," 1724, of which nine editions appeared in nine years. Ramsay's work contains old songs,—old songs with alterations and additions, and new songs by different authors. Of the former, it is supposed, there are not many printed as Ramsay found them, and the alterations and additions are considered to be numerous and generally for the worse. Many old words Allan threw aside, and assisted by his "ingenious young gentlemen," Crawford, Hamilton, and Mallet, commenced what Sir W. Scott calls "his unhappy plan of writing new words to old tunes, without at the same time preserving the ancient verses, the preservation of which would have been much more interesting than any thing which has been substituted in their stead," [Remarks on Pop. Poetry, prefixed to M. of S. B. vol. i. p. 43.] This is a mere matter of opinion, but on such a subject Scott has a right to be heard. The old verses were no doubt put aside either thro' their indecency or want of merit, always excepting the pathetic story of 'Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.'

The Tea Table Miscellany every admirer of Scottish Song should possess.

A collection of Scottish Songs and Airs was published under the name of 'Orpheus Caledonius,' in folio, 1725. This is a work of more value to the musician than the poet. A song or two was contributed by James Thomson.

Yair's Charmer appeared in 1751—where was printed for the first time Clerk of Pennyculck's clever song—

O merry may the maid be.

In 1769, was put forth by David Herd what Scott has called, "the first classical collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads." Next to

Ramsay's work, this is the best. Had the volume been got up with better arrangement, a few references and authorities, our debt to David Herd would have been much greater: an enlarged collection was published in 2 vols. 1776, but few songs, (songs described by the Editor as "the poetry and music of the heart,") were added to this edition.*

During Burns' residence in Edinburgh, (1787), was published the first part of Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, where English and Scotch productions were indiscriminately mingled. Burns became acquainted with Johnson the publisher, and soon made himself the Editor of the work, entering into the task with both enthusiasm and diligence. The second part shewed none of the faults of its forerunner. Capital old songs were here rescued from oblivion, and the poet's muse tasked to eke out,† amend, and compose. It is difficult to say which one admires most, Burns' emendations, additions, or original songs. "Mr. Burns," says Ritson, "as good a poet as Ramsay, is, it must be regretted an equally licentious and unfaithful publisher of the performances of others."—*Scottish Songs*, lxxx.

A collection of Ballads and Songs was published in 1790, by Laurie and Symington, but this is a mere copy of Herd's work. By his publications about this time, Pinkerton pretended to do much for Scottish Song.

In 1794, Ritson put forth his Collection of Scottish Songs. Motherwell speaks of it as "a text book of care and accuracy," and Scott with equal justice as 'a genuine but meagre collection.'

* Mr. Chambers tells us very frequently that such and such a song was first published by Herd in 1776, whereas, if he had looked into the earlier edition, he would have found almost all his references wrong.

† The poet, perhaps, most capable, by verses, lines, even single words, to relieve and heighten the character of ancient poetry, was Robert Burns. In many of the old songs and fragments he recomposed and reprinted for the collection of Johnson and others, his genius contributed that part which was to give life and immortality to the whole.—SCORR. *Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad*, Min. of S. B. iv. 23. Burns of all poets that ever breathed, possessed the most happy tact of pouring his genius through all the meanderings of music, was unrivalled in the skill of brooding over the ruder conceptions of our old poets, and in warming them into grace and life. He could glide like dew into the fading bloom of departing song, and refresh it into beauty and fragrance.—*Scottish Songs*, I. 66. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

In George Thomson's publication, few old songs were preserved; that work owes its fame to the muse of Burns. Sir W. Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, is almost equally deficient in what we are looking after.

The late Robert Cromek published in 1810, "*Scottish Songs, with observations by Burns.*" The Poet's observations are as frequently trite and uninteresting as they are either antiquarian or original. Burns was the first to enquire after the authors and History of Scottish Song.

Cromek's collection of *Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 1810, is a work full of songs by modern hands, with a few stray old verses scattered over its pages.

In 1819 and 1821, James Hogg, the *Ettrick Shepherd*, edited a collection of *Jacobitical Ballads and Songs*. Had this work been more sparing of Historical Illustration, and the songs selected with more care, the *Jacobite Ballads* might have been a standard work of merit often to be reprinted.

As yet there was no complete collection of Scottish Songs—they were scattered over various volumes, difficult of access, and when got dressed out most uninvitingly. Ritson had wasted both learning and ingenuity in his researches into the Historical maze of song, and Burns had sought the traditions of Scotland for Anecdotes illustrative of his favourite lyrics. Much was done and yet much remained to be done. In 1825, Allan Cunningham announced a work entitled, "*The Songs of Scotland*," 4 vol. 8vo., he set out on his task with the determination to spare no research, print whatever was beautiful, and alter what was indecent; he would do, and did, what Ramsay and Burns had done before him. The work was received most kindly by many, and condemned by few. How justly or unjustly let time and chance determine. Antiquaries lost their favourite old spellings, and the lovers of indecency, "the high kilting of the muse." The Editor of this little collection of Songs would applaud Mr. Cunningham's undertaking in as many places, as he would condemn it. To Mr. Cunningham, though he both altered and added needlessly, Scottish song is greatly indebted.

It is right to notice here that the different collections of Ancient Minstrelsy, edited by Finlay, Motherwell, Kinloch, and Buchan, added little to our treasures of Song. Of Mr. Peter Buchan's work, one-half seems the compilation of his own brain, fertile in tares, and sterile of wheat, and much of the other half old and modern ballad-verse, unworthy of a printer's type.

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